THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

Post-Holiday Britain

British interest is still centred upon business problems, which overshadow politics for the time being. Philip Snowden, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labor Government, has resigned from the Independent Labor Party, to which he belonged for thirty-four years. This does not mean his separation from the larger wing of political Laborists, although it indicates some recession from his earlier radicalism. Mr. Lansbury's Labor weekly, the *New Leader*, believes that Mr. Snowden is 'a rapidly changing man,' who is 'now severely skeptical of measures of social amelioration. . . . For the moment he is becoming the idol of the economy-run-mad press, and, whether he likes it or not, both his spoken and written words will be used with damaging effect against many a Labor candidate at the next general election.' This comment was prompted by the qualified approval with which the ex-Chancellor greeted his Party's plan to impose a surtax of two shillings in the pound on personal incomes from investments, rather than by his withdrawal from the Independents. To be sure, Mr. Snowden characterized the 'idea of the surtax, like the capital levy, as fundamentally sound . . . and quite in accord with the teaching of all the orthodox political economists. They have all laid it down that a tax on property is not merely just, but almost the only just form of raising money for the reduction or extinction of debts.' This limitation upon the uses of the surtax, however, denies his Party's contention that revenue from this source may be used for so-called social objects like unemployment doles and old age pensions. The *Spectator* confesses that 'in this lamentably imperfect world . . . Mr. MacDonald's version of the surtax' — as a convenient device for taking the wealth of one class to aid another — 'will be popular, and Mr. Snowden's will not. Mr. MacDonald displays rich and refreshing fruit on a tray; Mr. Snowden says that there are more abundant supplies and fruit in cold storage, and that people can make certain of having plenty if they do certain common-sense things.'

The Briand-Kellogg correspondence to bring the United States and France

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together in a pact to outlaw war has aroused lively if somewhat skeptical interest on the other side of the water. A demand for permanent peace guaranties grows more insistent of late, as if an undercurrent of popular opinion in every country were becoming impatient of the dilatoriness of statesmen. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby recently addressed a 'peace letter,' accompanied by nearly one hundred and twenty-nine thousand signatures, to Mr. Baldwin, to which the latter replied that the proposal it contained to abolish the British army and navy 'would inevitably result in the collapse of the League of Nations, because it would involve a repudiation of the obligations which Britain has assumed as a signer of the Covenant.' Therefore 'no greater incitement to war, no more likely a method of provoking the evil it is desired to avoid, could well be imagined.' To this the British Premier added: 'The same reasoning applies to the Locarno treaties. Their effectiveness depends very largely on the knowledge by all the parties concerned that in the event of an unprovoked attack the mighty weight of Great Britain will be thrown into the scale against the aggressor. Deprive us of that weight and the treaties are deprived of nearly all their value.'

Pre-Election France

At the French Socialist Congress, held in Paris at the close of the year, more attention was paid to campaign tactics preliminary to the May election than to the political elaboration of Marxian doctrines. Before the war the Socialist Party and the trade-unions, represented by the General Confederation of Labor, which had the larger membership of the two, frequently disagreed, because most unionists at that time doubted the value of political action and favored a revolutionary programme. Since the war, however, the two organizations have generally worked in harmony. But of late the Confederation, whose Communist members have seceded, has grown more conservative, so that the general attitude of the two organizations has been reversed. A similar division exists in the Radical Party, but in its case between the organization at large as represented in the Party Congress and its parliamentary delegation. Under Caillaux's deft management the Congress swerved sharply to the Left. In the practical atmosphere of the Palais Bourbon, however, public questions are seen in a calmer light from that which illuminates the fiery debates of a political convention. Consequently, Radical preaching and Radical practices are not in complete accord, and the candidates of this Party, like those of the Socialists, face the campaign with indecisive programmes and political misgivings. Neither Party loves Poincaré, although he is essentially a man of the Left, hostile to most of the domestic policies endorsed by the Right. It is his intense nationalism in foreign affairs that ranks him as a Diehard in international opinion. A personal element, as well as honest differences of programme, separate him from Caillaux, who, though equally bourgeois in sympathies, is more insistent upon the application of the traditional Radical programme at home, and demands a more conciliatory policy toward Germany, including an early evacuation of the Rhineland. Caillaux seems also to incline toward the Socialist policy of a modified capital levy — although that word has been abandoned.

Germany

Political prophets in Germany are now busy trying to forecast the date and the party line-up of the next general election. The date is important, in the opinion of

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many, who believe that if it precedes the French elections its results may influence voting in that country. If it follows them, it in turn may be influenced by the French outcome. It has even been whispered that Stresemann and Briand have reached an understanding as to how the two ballotings shall be timed — a rather fantastic rumor, significant mainly as recording a state of mind. As the Marx Cabinet approaches the rather indefinite date set by popular conjecture for its dissolution, German Nationalists have increased their attacks upon the League of Nations, the Treaty settlements, and the Reparations agreement, while the Republican Parties have sprung to their defense. This is fighting over an artificial issue, however, and seems likely to benefit the Left more than the Right; for public sentiment appears to be decidedly in favor of pacifist and conciliatory policies. Germany has balanced her Budget at the equivalent of something over two and one-half billion dollars. This shows a consistent annual increase since 1924, the increment during the five-year period being nearly six hundred million dollars. The present Reichswehr of one hundred thousand men costs the country almost three fifths as much as the pre-war Prussian army of half a million men, partly because of the higher rate of pay required to attract men into the service, now that the latter is no longer compulsory. A law increasing the salaries of government officials fixes a scale of annual compensation for both Prussian and national civil servants ranging from about four hundred dollars, including rent subsidy, for messengers and doorkeepers during their first year of service, to approximately thirty-five hundred dollars a year for veteran bureau chiefs and assistant secretaries. A majority of the Government's white-collar workers will be paid from six hundred dollars to one thousand dollars annually.

Italy

A report is current that a new Labor Party, to be called the Nationalist Socialists, is being organized in Italy with Mussolini's permission. Its newspaper will be *Il Lavoro*, formerly the Genoa organ of the Unitary Socialists, whose plant and premises were destroyed four years ago by the Fascisti. If the report is true, Il Duce apparently plans to have a disciplined Opposition under his own control. In accord with the Government's apparent desire to follow a more subdued foreign policy during the period of financial convalescence, *Popolo d'Italia*, which is edited by Mussolini's brother, has condemned as harmful to Italy's interests reports that she is planning an eventual attack upon Turkey, and thus compliments that country and its ruler: 'Kemal Pasha is not only a victorious general, but is also a political leader with characteristics which can be closely compared to those of Signor Mussolini. A special Turkish Commission recently studied the Fascist Youths' and Children's Organizations. No difficulties, therefore, exist between Italy and the Turkish Republic, and the two states have common advantages in their youth and desire for internal reconstruction. This statement may be considered by the Turkish press as clearly showing the cordial friendship felt by Italy for the Turkish Republic.'

Between Cairo and the Cape

The Egyptian Government has brought in a bill to amend the present company law, to require corporations to have at least two native directors and one fourth of their administrative personnel of native origin. In practice, most Egyptian companies already fulfill these conditions as a matter of policy and convenience. Another new

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Act, extending the jurisdiction of the Mixed Courts at the expense of the Consular Courts, likewise expresses the independence sentiment of Parliament. Cairo gave the Afghan royal couple, who spent a short time in the country en route from India to Arabia, an enthusiastic welcome. In this case also the opportunity for national — and incidentally religious — self-assertion gratified both the populace and the Government. King Amanulla intends, after his tour of Western Europe, to visit Moscow, in which case the Soviet Government will be entertaining a crowned head for the first time in its history. Evidently the Tsana dam issue between Abyssinia and an American firm on the one hand and Great Britain on the other, which has been conveniently muffled in the press, is still alive in Africa. Dr. Wargeneh Martin, the Abyssinian envoy who negotiated with American engineers for the construction of the dam, has given an interview in *Al-Ahram*, an Egyptian newspaper, in which he recites the difficulties which would ensue from granting a concession in the heart of Abyssinia to Britain, and argues that the British Government, after spending large sums on such a project, would undoubtedly seek to control the territory between the lake and the Sudan. This would involve grave political complications and would mean a virtual cession of the territory in question to that country. Abyssinia's object is not to deprive the Sudan of necessary water, but to maintain her undisputed sovereignty over her own domain. Abyssinia has therefore gone to an American firm, because all the world recognizes that the United States is politically disinterested in Northeastern Africa, in the hope that the political objections to the Lake Tsana barrage may thus be obviated and all the economic benefits of the development both for Abyssinia and for the Sudan may at the same time be realized. Britain's three East African colonies — Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda — are being guided skillfully toward federation. Just what this implies is somewhat uncertain, since it would seem to involve incorporating a mandate territory in a larger political group, whose other members are under unqualified British jurisdiction. Quite outspokenly, the Junker white settlers of Kenya have adopted resolutions declaring that the underlying object of such a project should be 'the permanent entrenchment of British civilization' in Africa and 'securing Tanganyika for all time as an integral part of the Empire.' It is not stated whether this should be with or without the permission of the League of Nations.

The Levant and Eastern Asia

Diplomatic negotiations between Turkey and Persia, which have been under way at Angora for a considerable period, are reported to have reached a stage where a settlement of all outstanding questions between the two countries is in sight. Among the most troublesome of these is the so-called Kurd problem. Djafar Pasha, the present Prime Minister of Turkey, is an almost full-blooded Kurd, who speaks Kurdish fluently and whose ancestors were prominent Kurdish patriots. It is assumed, therefore, that his countrymen will receive exceptionally favorable treatment, and that this policy already has the approval of Kemal Pasha, notwithstanding his insistence upon the racial and cultural, as well as the political, homogeneity of the new Turkish State.

After protracted and somewhat thorny negotiations, King Feisal, who has recently visited London, has signed a new treaty between Great Britain and Irak, in which England recognizes the latter country as 'an independent sovereign state' subject to a discreetly

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worded clause granting considerable powers of control to 'His British Majesty's High Commissioner.' Irak is to apply for admission to the League, but not until 1932. England continues to pay a few million dollars annually for the country's defense, despite the British taxpayers' anxiety to be rid of this burden. The *Times*, in commenting editorially on the treaty, notes the omission, 'which may be criticized in certain quarters,' of an article in the previous treaty, of 1922, which obligated the Government of Irak to refrain from obstructing missionary enterprises which were not clearly prejudicial to good order and good government. No such clause appears in the new treaty; but it is assumed that a gentlemen's agreement exists satisfactorily covering this point. It is predicted that Persia, which has shown persistent ill-will toward Irak, and France, which dislikes the existence of an independent Arabian kingdom next door to her mandates in Syria and the Lebanon, will oppose that country's admission to the League.

India

Ramsay MacDonald has appealed to the people of India not to boycott the Parliamentary Commission appointed to take evidence upon a proposed revision of the present tentative Constitution. The Moslems have split hopelessly over the question of joining the boycott. An All-Indian Conference of native Christians has adopted resolutions condemning the failure to include natives in the Simon Commission, but questioning the advisability of boycotting it. Meanwhile the Swarajists have drafted a new scheme of government, which provides for a federal commonwealth of India, including the native states, to have the same constitutional status as Canada. The state parliaments are to be elected upon a wide franchise, with responsible cabinets. The King alone shall have the power of veto. This project is not acceptable to the Moslems or to other national minorities. The *Servant of India*, which represents the Right Wing of the native Liberals, does not believe that India can, consistently with national respect, 'give any sort of recognition to the Statutory Commission.' At the same time, however, it deplores a revival of Noncooperation.

The King of Afghanistan confirmed his reputation as a progressive ruler during his brief stay in India, when, in his capacity as Imam, he preached a sermon in the principal mosque in Bombay in which he declared that for his part he never distinguished between his Moslem and his Hindu subjects, and appealed for tolerance of other faiths than Mohammedanism.

Eastern Asia and Japan

Moscow, as anticipated, blames British diplomacy for its setback in Southern China and the massacre of Russians at Canton and elsewhere. Meanwhile, the severance of relations between China and the Soviets faces Tokyo with a new situation in Manchuria and the adjacent territory. According to some reports, the Japanese authorities have reached an understanding with General Chiang Kai-shek and Marshal Chang Tso-lin to crush Communism wherever it appears. If so, the Kuhara Mission, which has just returned from Moscow, must have been a peculiarly futile body. Erich von Salzmann, *Vossische Zeitung's* veteran Moscow correspondent who has been interviewing Eugene Chen, Tung Yen-ta, and other Chinese reformers residing in the Soviet capital, reports them still confident of an eventual revolution, Russian style, in their happy land. 'All foreigners blunder in judging our great nation. The revolution will take its course. It will not end until our people are masters of

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their own country. Foreign rule in China is doomed. If you believe that the movement will stop before that is achieved, you are blindly mistaken.' Rumors of Japan's anti-Communist plans are also hard to reconcile with Viscount Goto's recent mission to Moscow, which, in the opinion of many, was to promote an understanding between Japan and Russia with regard to railway development in Manchuria. New lines are urgently needed, in spite of the active building now going on, but it is necessary for the two countries to agree before a logical system of communications can be planned. The Viscount made a public announcement in Harbin, upon his way home, emphasizing the necessity of harmonious coöperation between Japan, China, and Russia in the Far East. Coming as it did at about the time when the anti-Russian faction of the Nationalists had expelled Moscow's representatives and emissaries from Southern China, this appeal sounded like a voice crying in the wilderness. Nevertheless, it received commendatory comment in the Japanese press, which attaches preponderant weight to 'business as usual' in the adjacent Asiatic territories.

The Second Pan-Asiatic Conference, following the one held at Nagasaki a year ago, which met in Shanghai early in November and later continued its sessions at Nanking, was given 'silent treatment' by the foreign-language press. We are told that those in charge of the meeting invited this action by discouraging the attendance of American or European correspondents. Some fifty-two delegates, representing China, Japan, Turkestan, Turkey, Ceylon, Afghanistan, Formosa, and Arabia, but apparently neither the Philippines nor the Netherlands Indies, were in attendance. Koreans were barred owing to the opposition of the Japanese. Considerable jealousy among the different nationalities represented is said to have developed, and several outside Chinese organizations adopted resolutions condemning the meeting as 'an attempt on the part of the Japanese to enslave the other Orientals.' In fact, the Conference itself passed a resolution, supported by all the delegations except that of Japan, inviting the latter nation to 'cease its aggressive attitude toward China.' After resolving also in favor of national self-determination and the abolition of the naval bases at Singapore and Pearl Harbor, and inviting Senator Borah, Professor Bertrand Russell, and Leon Trotskii to become honorary members, it was decided that the next meeting should be held at Kabul the present year.

Latin America

The Mexican Senate has passed a bill granting 'privileges of citizenship, with the rights and obligations possessed by natives of the country, to any Spanish American who is in full exercise of his rights in his own country, upon his presenting creditable official documentary proof of the latter fact.' The idea of what has been called 'automatic Spanish-American citizenship' is not a new one, and such laws have long been advocated by champions of Latin-American unity. Salvador, which competes with Costa Rica for the honor of being the most progressive and densely populated republic of Central America, has just escaped a revolution. On the first of March a new Chief Magistrate, Dr. Pío Romero Bosque, assumed office. So far his administration has been an enlightened and progressive one. Like our own President, he has been an ardent advocate of economy. Among the appropriations he suppressed as unnecessary was one of twelve thousand dollars a month for the National Guard. Hoping

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to profit by the dissatisfaction this caused the members of that organization, partisans of ex-President Jorge Melendez, who succeeded his brother in that office a few years ago, attempted to seize control of the country. Fortunately his project failed. In condemning it *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires observed: 'When we consider the attitude of the United States Government toward revolution and the measures Washington has taken to assert that attitude, with an employment of force that we condemn, we believe that such enterprise in Central America constitutes a crime against the Fatherland gravely endangering national sovereignty.'

An illuminating rumor, to the effect that the Conservatives are secretly aiding Sandino, the rebel 'Liberal' chieftain in Nicaragua, whether true or not, is quite consistent with that country's recent history. It will be recalled that after the previous period of American policing a presumably honest presidential election was held, in which the Liberals obtained a majority. We withdrew our Marines, and the Conservatives upset the new administration by force of arms. This provoked a second intervention, during which Washington has supported the present technically legal incumbent of the presidency although his moral title to the office is questionable. It is not improbable, therefore, that certain Conservatives, anticipating another Liberal victory if an election is held with Yankee-protected ballot boxes, are quite willing to postpone that event by encouraging the present disorders.

INTERNATIONAL MANNERS

IN THE UNITED STATES

IN MEXICO

GREETING A FRIEND

— *Excelsior*, Mexico City

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BUSINESS ABROAD

Reviewing 1927

AMONG the hopeful features in the world's economic situation enumerated in the *Economist's* annual review are these: 'As a result of the World Economic Conference there is an embryo movement which should gather force toward oiling the wheels of international trade. The world's crops, too, are satisfactory, particularly in Europe, and in many of our most important markets overseas the purchasing power of the agricultural communities should be good. The United States remains on the crest of prosperity, Canada's economic star is in the ascendant, and in South America prospects, generally speaking, are better than for some time past. Most important of all, perhaps, Europe is marching steadily back to currency stability. The days of violent exchange fluctuations, with their hampering of trade, seem to be over. Poland has stabilized her finances; Italy's return to gold marks the passing of a new milestone; the French franc has been steady for nearly a year, and is only waiting to be formally anchored to the gold standard.' Britain's new capital issues during 1927 exceeded 355 million pounds sterling, and were more than one third greater than in the best of the three preceding years. In its annual 'Review and Outlook' the *Statist* ventures this diagnosis of Britain's slow business convalescence: 'Great Britain has been particularly hard hit by the erection of tariff walls abroad, and we are faced to-day with the fact that other nations are no longer content to use this country as the world's workshop. Foreign countries are now competing in every branch of manufacture. Hence, in the absence of a world growth in consuming power, a certain percentage of our labor resources is rendered superfluous. The natural remedy should lie in emigration, but the mobility of labor has been restricted in this respect by our colossal expenditure on the social services.' London Stock Exchange values were generally on a higher level at the close of 1927 than at the beginning of the year. While the advance was by no means as sensational as in America, averaging no more than one or two points for British funds and colonials and somewhat more than this for home and foreign railways and industrials, it was remarkably uniform in each particular group. British writers sound a note of alarm because so large a proportion of the country's annual savings are being invested abroad instead of at home, where they are urgently needed to revive the nation's languishing industries. According to some estimates, about three fifths of the annual addition to the country's capital now find employment outside of the United Kingdom. Meanwhile Britain's basic industries, which give the greatest cause for present concern, exigently require new money to reëquip themselves for the changed conditions they are called upon to meet. The growth of investment trusts for collecting and rationing out the savings of small investors, and the extent to which insurance companies perform the same function, favor placing money in alien and colonial enterprises, since these great institutions have facilities for studying the foreign field that the small saver does not possess.

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Defying the conclusions of many marine economists that high-speed giant transatlantic express ships are a nonproductive luxury, — at least for their owners, — the North German Lloyd has put under construction two vessels of 46,000 gross tons burden, to be ready a year from next spring. They will be smaller than the Leviathan, which is just under 60,000 tons, the Majestic of 56,500 tons, and the Berengaria of 52,200 tons, but they will be slightly longer than these competitors, and capable of developing a higher rate of speed. Rumor also has it that the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique will follow the Île de France of 43,500 tons burden with a 60,000-ton vessel to be ready four years hence, and that Navigazione Generále Italiana proposes to build at once two 46,000-ton liners for the Genoa–New York run. Plans for other mammoth ships the exact dimensions and speed of which have not been disclosed are understood to have been completed by both the Cunard and the White Star lines. Indeed, the contract for a new Cunarder 'to be the biggest ship in the world' is said to be open already for British tenders.

In view of the rapid improvement of the beam wireless system, prospective competition between radio and cable communication has begun to alarm British investors. Cable rates have been reduced in several instances to meet wireless tariffs, though with less loss of revenue than anticipated, on account of a marked increase in business following the introduction of lower charges. But it is recognized that the end of this competition is not yet in sight. The London *Economist* suggests that the cable and wireless companies should agree upon a unified tariff, and possibly a 'pool.' It admits, however, that this would be of no avail unless the British Post Office, with its four imperial routes, became a party to the agreement — 'and this would outrage public opinion.' Quotations of cable-company stocks have suffered a marked decline in several instances, although in most cases dividends have not been seriously affected. The London *Statist* says in this connection: 'While it may be exaggeration to describe the break in cable security prices this week as a debacle, there can be no doubt that the market has been more seriously disturbed than on any previous occasion. Now, as before, the reason for the scare has been wireless competition. And this, by a strange coincidence, has been stressed simultaneously by two highly responsible persons — by Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, and by Sir John Denison-Pender, the guiding spirit of the British cable service. Mr. Bruce has been much the more disturbing of the two. He announced on November 23 that a conference was to be held of the Dominions financially concerned in the Pacific Cable Board to investigate the influence of beam wireless on cable traffic. This step has been hastened because in the six months since the beam service from Australia was established it had taken, according to Mr. Bruce, 45 per cent of the traffic formerly received by the Pacific Cable.'

Among the amusing absurdities brought out by the discussion of higher tariffs to safeguard industry is the fact that in the cutlery trade, which has been protected for two years by a $33\frac{1}{3}$-per-cent duty and is nevertheless experiencing an unprecedented depression, American razor-blade makers using Sheffield steel still control the market. Great Britain imports 40 million safety-razor blades annually from the United States, as compared with less than 9 million from Germany. An attempt to introduce the industry in Great Britain has broken down. One firm has gone into liquidation, and

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from its published list of creditors it appears that it bought its steel in Belgium. On the other hand, the Gillette Company, which makes most of the blades used in Great Britain, employs exclusively British steel, of which it bought one million dollars' worth last year.

British Steel and Copper

According to the *Economist*, the British steel trade, after a period of persistent decline, now shows signs of recovering its export market. American competition, which once looked threatening, proves to be a myth. 'In no market outside the American continent are American heavy iron and steel goods being sold in any considerable quantities. . . . United States exports are only slightly more than half as great as before the war. American heavy iron and steel stands beaten in the export-trade competition. . . . The cheapest pig-iron price quoted in the United States to-day is 66 shillings a ton. Our Lancashire basic is being delivered in Sheffield at 63 shillings. . . . The bogy of American competition — the biggest bogy ever raised in the steel trade — is laid low, and our productive and transport costs are now so competitive that we may beat American heavy iron and steel in Canada if we try. Not only is our iron many shillings a ton cheaper than that of the United States, but our combined costs for assembling materials at our steel works, carrying the products to ports of shipment, and thence across to the St. Lawrence, are considerably lower than the costs of making American steel and taking it to Canada.' Turning to Germany, the same authority says: 'A recent Board of Trade report showed our prices 18 per cent higher than before the war, and German prices 28 per cent higher. Since then our prices have been reduced. . . . In Germany they have to face shorter working shifts and higher labor costs in the new year. The change in her competitive power may be gathered from the fact that not only is she exporting about one third less than before the war, but she is importing nearly ten times as much.' More is to be feared from France and Belgium, especially Belgium, but here again a differentiation is occurring, French and Belgian exporters supplying the commoner grades of iron and steel and Britain the higher qualities. Meanwhile the chairman of Bwana M'Kubwa Copper declared at its last general meeting that the capitalization of the ten representative American copper-producing companies, — Anaconda, Calumet and Arizona, Calumet and Hecla, Chile, Greene Cananea, Inspiration Consolidated, Miami, Nevada Consolidated, United Verde Extension, and Utah, — including stocks at present quotations and bonded indebtedness, will be approximately double that of Bwana M'Kubwa when the latter completes improvements now under way which will bring its annual output up to 65,000 tons on already proved properties. The African enterprise has to mine only 1,500,000 tons of ore to produce the same amount of copper that the American companies win from 3,125,000 tons of ore. 'This should make it clear that copper-producing capacity can be created in Africa by a much smaller capital expenditure.' These with other advantages cited by the chairman promise to give Great Britain a decided competitive superiority over the United States in the world's copper market.

France

A considerable section of the French business world is now speculating on the stabilization of the franc, as it speculated during the closing months of the year upon the adoption of the Budget. The effect has been to stimulate business on

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the Stock Exchange, especially since the restoration of the gold standard in Italy, which strengthens the likelihood that France will speedily follow suit, and has boosted quotations of Italian securities. It is officially announced that last year's deficit on the French railways, including both State and private systems, reached 340 million francs, to which should be added new capital charges to cover deficits incurred during previous years. Unless there is marked change in the situation, the 1928 deficit will, it is predicted, exceed 1¼ billion francs. Heavy taxes, such as that of 32½ per cent on passenger tickets, are held responsible for the drop in traffic receipts, while shorter hours and higher wages are said to account for increased operating expenses. French heavy industrialists are said to be negotiating, through M. Loucheur, with Harriman and Company, lessee of the Chiaturi manganese concession in Soviet Russia, for supplies of that material for their furnaces.

Germany

According to an authoritative German statement, the recent agreement between the chemical manufacturers of that country and those of France contemplates preserving intact the national independence of the companies of both countries, but 'allotting output and markets to the different producing groups in such a way as to ensure the greatest economy. . . . The manufacturers of the two countries are not seeking a monopoly, nor have they designs against their competitors in other countries. Alliances with these competitors along the lines of the existing agreement are by no means improbable — in fact, they are definitely contemplated.' I.-G. Farbenindustrie has just issued figures of output agreeing substantially with those in an article upon the Leuna Works in this issue. Twelve hundred tons of artificial gasoline are already made from coal monthly, and the total output for 1928 will be 100,000 tons, valued at 2½ million dollars. This is a small figure compared with the value of the nitrates produced, which is estimated at 150 million dollars. Germany's imports during November were larger than during any previous month since the war. Simultaneously her unfavorable balance of trade rose to nearly 94 million dollars. These figures were partly seasonal, as they record conditions when German industries, especially textile manufacturers, import large quantities of raw materials. Spinners report business good and prospects of future business encouraging. Germany's consumption of wool last year was exceptional, and she has apparently recovered her pre-war position as a clearing house of woolens and semimanufactured goods for Western and Central Europe. British papers betrayed keen disappointment when South Africa placed an order for ninety railway locomotives in Germany recently, tempered only by the consoling conjecture that the successful bidders would probably lose money on the contract. Figures published at the close of the year show that Germany's merchant marine, which fell from approximately 5½ million tons before the war to 717,000 tons in 1921, now exceeds 3½ million tons. Shoemakers in Germany complain that, while leather has risen more than one third during the last two years, and wages one fifth, the price of shoes has fallen. Similar complaints are likewise heard from Great Britain. One explanation for higher leather prices is that Russia, which was formerly a large seller of sole leather, is now an active purchaser of raw hides in South America. In fact, if we are to believe a German correspondent, this Russian demand has

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been so exigent that Argentina has been obliged to forbid the slaughtering of young cattle. German shoemakers also complain of keen competition from Czechoslovak manufacturers.

Eastern Europe

Germany and Poland are resuming neighborly business relations on the installment plan. An agreement relating to Polish farm laborers in Germany and a timber convention have been signed, and some clauses of a general commercial treaty, which it is hoped to complete piecemeal later, have been agreed upon. The timber convention, through which Germany will procure an essential raw material from her neighbor, contains an important clause by which Poland agrees not to impose upon German industrial products the double duties provided for by law upon imports from countries with which she has no commercial treaty. Danzig may be a hotbed of political discontent, but her trade has profited immensely from her present relations with Poland. Since 1913 the tonnage of vessels departing from her wharves has increased by 270 per cent, and her freight turnover has expanded to correspond. Meanwhile Bremen's tonnage, which shows the most rapid growth of that of any important port in Germany, has increased only 43 per cent, that of Stettin 27 per cent, and that of Hamburg 20 per cent. The Skoda Works, in Czechoslovakia, have booked an order for three fourths of a million dollars' worth of machinery to equip Shanghai's new electric power station. According to the latest reports of the Soviet industrial authorities, more than one quarter of a billion dollars gold was invested by the Government in factories, mines, sawmills, and shipyards last year. The Budget for the present year, beginning the first of last October, contemplates the completion of 40 still unfinished plants of the first rank and the erection of 84 new ones. Among these enterprises are ten new engineering works so far advanced that they will go into operation this season, the largest of which are a shipyard and a screw factory. According to the official estimate, these undertakings will employ about 200,000 additional workers. Direct telephone service was recently opened between Moscow and Tiflis. The output programme of the Government's Auto Trust provides for the manufacture during the current economic year of 580 light trucks and 120 heavy trucks. During November the production of coal in the Donetz basin was 1,890,000 tons, with a reduced number of workers. This exceeds the programme by about 1.4 per cent, and was due partly to the increased use of cutting machinery.

Austria

A decision of the managers of the Federal Railways of Austria to suspend the electrification of the lines which has been under way for several years has precipitated a lively controversy. The management contends that, owing to the drop in the price of fuel, it is cheaper to continue with the present steam equipment, especially as the railways have no power works of their own and are obliged to buy their current from outside concerns. The electrical industry has disputed this calculation, and wants to have the whole question gone into by engineering experts. The cost of the electrification work so far executed, however, has been much higher than was anticipated, and the railway authorities feel that it is inexpedient to incur further obligations in addition to their present heavy indebtedness, even though electricity might prove in the long run somewhat the cheaper. According to recent statistics, Austria is now practically able to feed herself, although when the Dual Monarchy collapsed she was compelled to import

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three fourths of the cereals, sugar, milk, and dairy products she consumed. Since 1919 her cereal crop has more than doubled, her beet crop has multiplied by five, and her potato crop has nearly doubled. Before the war Austria exported only about 5 per cent of her manufacturing output, the remainder finding a market in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. At present she has to find foreign customers for approximately 60 per cent of her manufactures if she is to maintain these industries at their present capacity level. Since 1920 she has increased these exports from about 150 million dollars annually to 300 million dollars. Simultaneously, she has doubled her grain crop and quadrupled her potato crop. During the past six years 54 electric power stations have been erected, most of them operated by water power, enabling her to reduce her coal imports by one sixth.

Italy

Financial editors abroad were unanimous in congratulating Italy upon her return to gold. A year ago last August Mussolini proclaimed 'the battle of the lira' when he declared at Pesaro, 'I shall defend the lira to my last breath, to my last drop of blood.' From that time the Fascist Government has obstinately fought against deflation and for revalorization. It reorganized its bank of issue in May 1926. The following November it forced a consolidation of the floating debt amounting to 20 billion lire, following this up with the so-called lictorial loan of some 3 billion lire. Within a year, moreover, the Government cut down by 3½ billion lire the amount of paper money in circulation. Prices naturally declined with the rise in the value of the lira that resulted from this rigid policy of deflation. Wheat, meat, and dairy products fell 40 per cent, and raw silk 75 per cent. Exports, which consist largely of manufactures, decreased within a year by 1100 million lire. It has proved impossible to reduce wages to correspond with the rising value of the monetary unit, but many manufacturers have failed and unemployment has extended. Evidently these conditions, combined with a threat of a budgetary deficit, forced the Government to call a halt on further attempts to boost the lira higher. The decision to peg in at 19 to the dollar was therefore welcomed by industrialists and by the farming and working classes alike. Italy's state railways carried 2.37 per cent more private freight in October 1927 than in the same month the previous year. The proceeds from the sales tax are also recovering gradually from their extreme shrinkage last summer. The government monopolies for salt, tobacco, and quinine, which apply to production, importation, and sale, have been combined in a special bureau. Tobacco is at present manufactured by twenty-six factories, and produces a revenue of about 184 million dollars per annum.

China

China's maritime customs revenues for 1927, which are derived from a low tariff administered under European auspices, amounted to less than 50 million dollars gold in 1927, as compared with 60 million dollars gold the previous year. Practically all the Northern ports show increases, while those of the South and along the Yangtze record marked declines. Moreover, the shrinkage was almost wholly in the duty on imports, export figures remaining practically the same as the previous year. Roughly, these figures indicate a reduction of about 120 million dollars in China's total foreign trade — in which, by the way, the United States holds second place, following Japan. The country's present turmoil has not prevented some British investors there from making

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liberal profits. According to the last report of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company, Ltd., its net profits for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1927, were more than 1½ million dollars gold, an increase of nearly 400,000 dollars over the previous season, and total dividends of 15 per cent free of tax were declared. The gross profit of the Kailan Coal Mining Administration was 9½ million dollars silver, and the net profit over 6 million dollars silver, or nearly double that of the year preceding. Against this, however, were charged off considerable items for depreciation, for payments under the company's franchise to the Chihli provincial government, and for bond interest.

Japan

New Year's marked the close of one of the gloomiest years in Japan's financial and industrial history. Nevertheless, the release of 8 per cent of the total deposits in four suspended banks, which placed some 20 million dollars of ready money in the hands of the people, produced a most happy effect on the public mind, and holiday trade established a record. Simultaneously a new wave of speculation swept through the Stock Exchange. Japan's cement output increased in round numbers from 4 million barrels at the outbreak of the war to 18 million barrels last year. The largest company engaged in this manufacture is a combine with a capital of more than 50 million dollars. Several independent companies, with capitals ranging from one to five million dollars, and equipped with the latest American machinery, are also in the field. Although consumption is increasing rapidly, the business is obviously overexpanded. Efforts made during the past year to curtail production by pooling agreements and other devices have proved successful. The New York Corn Products Company is reported to be erecting works in Hokkaido to manufacture corn meal and cornstarch. Its subsidiary Japanese company, which is capitalized at two and one-half million dollars, proposes to build similar works in Manchuria. Large quantities of excellent Indian corn are grown in Japan, and presumably can be grown on the neighboring continent, but hitherto no meal or starch has been manufactured from this material.

According to last year's tax returns, the head of the Mitsubishi Company has the largest personal income in the Empire, or something over 2,150,000 dollars annually, of which he pays one fourth to the Government. The head of the Mitsui Company comes next with an income approaching 1,700,000 dollars. Among salaried employees the highest paid is the senior manager of the latter company, who is taxed on an annual income of 290,000 dollars. Several large industrialists report incomes approaching one million dollars a year. From Yokohama comes the announcement that work has begun upon a new Ford assembling plant, to occupy an area of about seven acres directly on the water front, and to have a capacity of 200 cars a day. Japan is taking to automobiles very rapidly, and by far the largest number of cars in the country are Fords. Since 1913 Japan's wool consumption has risen from 10 million pounds to 70 million pounds per annum, although her exports of woolen textiles have remained negligible — a striking indication of the changing habits of the nation. A fight between producers of rayon and producers of natural silk is predicted. The former have filed a protest with the Government against the proposed increase in the duty of wood pulp, on the ground that it will hamper them in competition.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES

SELECTED ISSUES

THE AMERICAN NAVY AND THE AMERICAN EMPIRE [1]

THERE is nothing in the least mysterious about the position of the American President in respect of naval policy as revealed in the only section of his Message to Congress that has aroused discussion in the British press. Neither is there anything in it that can be described as minatory, or as offensive to this country. True, the general tone of the Message is complacent in a degree never before equaled even by Mr. Coolidge himself, who has always made a practice of glorifying the American character and achievement in language reminiscent of the Jefferson Brick era. But the President is at this moment virtually compelled by circumstances to deal in traditional generalities. He has touched already the limit of his effective term of office. The presidential candidates will be nominated at midsummer; the election falls in November. And in the year of the contest for the Presidency no definite policies are or can be proposed by the Executive. To do this would be to take risks, and the avoidance of risk in advance of an appeal to the electorate is a cardinal principle of the party in power at Washington. It will be noted, accordingly, that in the course of his long Message Mr. Coolidge has not a word to say about the purposes of his Government, or of the Republican Party, in regard to any one of the problems which from the outside seem to be the most urgent for the American people — for example, Prohibition, immigration, industrial warfare, foreign loans, the rapid spread of the power of the United States in Central America. Mr. Coolidge, as a matter of fact, is too prudent a politician to raise such dangerous issues as these. But in the naval situation as it stands after the Three Powers Conference at Geneva he saw an opportunity for making an 'America First' proclamation calculated to please almost all parties; and that opportunity he has made the most of.

From his predecessor, President Harding, Mr. Coolidge inherited — apart from a proposal that the United States should enter the World Court — one article only of international policy — the limitation of naval armaments by agreement. Mr. Coolidge does not belong to the Big Navy school. It would be impossible, indeed, for the executive head of any leading Power to have less interest in international affairs than Mr. Coolidge has. His mind is occupied with home affairs, and, if he adheres to any particular principle of government, it is that which he defines in his latest Message as 'constructive economy in government expenditures.' Naval expenditure, as the British people know better than any other, is a fruitful field for any economizing statesman, and, mainly perhaps for this reason, Mr. Coolidge has shown a steady concern for naval limitation, not forgetting at the same

[1] Leader from the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *December* 10

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time to soothe the advocates of the 'biggest navy' by the periodic employment of pious phrases about adequate national defense. Since the Three Powers Conference, however, he finds it necessary to do no more than call attention to two aspects of the Geneva meeting, preparatory to announcing the policy which in his view is made necessary for the United States. The first of the President's two points is familiar enough: success at Geneva was impossible because the American envoys were 'unable to come to an agreement with Great Britain.' The second point may be somewhat bewildering to British, if not to American, readers: 'Had a three-Power agreement been reached it would have left us with the necessity of continuing our building programme.' This, of course, we knew; but Mr. Coolidge immediately adds: 'The failure to agree should not cause us to build either more or less than we otherwise should.' Then what was the object of seeking an 'agreement' at Geneva? Was it merely to reduce British building without any change whatever in the American programme? That, of course, is exactly what was felt and believed over here at the time of the Conference, but we hardly expected to have it so explicitly stated by the President himself. No wonder the Conference failed. America had nothing to offer. Her programme was to be unaffected by either 'success' or 'failure.' In short, it was all eyewash! Or has the President by his rather inadequate appreciation of the uses of exact language been betrayed into saying something he did not intend to say? He speaks elsewhere in connection with the Washington Naval Convention, negotiated by his predecessor, of 'an unprecedented attitude of generosity on our part.' The Washington Convention was a valuable instrument, and it was due to American initiative, but certainly we were not aware that its conclusion made any special demand on the 'generosity' of America. We had thought it was rather the other way round; but things appear so differently on different sides of the Atlantic.

When we turn from these considerations to Mr. Coolidge's way of discussing the practical problem of naval expansion, we can see that he is, as always, making an effort to harmonize the mutually repellent ideas of the two sections of the Republican Party. The United States, Mr. Coolidge affirms, 'has put away the Old World policy of competitive armaments.' It should 'enter on no competition.' 'The size of the navy which America is to have will be solely for America to determine; no outside influence should enlarge it or diminish it.' Since there is 'no definite agreement' to bind the United States (Mr. Coolidge seems for the moment to have forgotten the Washington Convention), 'the attitude of any other country is not to be permitted to alter our own policy'; and 'it should especially be demonstrated that propaganda will not cause us to change our course.' So much insistence upon so simple a point! So far, however, Mr. Coolidge would seem to have his eye mainly on the Big Navy school, which, according to the cables, is thoroughly pleased with the Message. On the other hand, he cannot ignore the active group of Western senators, the vigilant Mr. Borah, the organized churches, and the great body of public opinion which, ever since the Washington Conference, has been mobilized on behalf of progressive disarmament. Remembering these, Mr. Coolidge promises nothing more than planning for the future and beginning a 'moderate building programme.' He notes in particular that the submarines

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programme will not be entered upon until 'the Department decides upon the best type of construction.'

It will be remarked that, beyond the particularity of the statement, there is nothing in the President's summary of naval policy that was not implicit in the situation as it was left at the time of the break-up of the Geneva Conference in August. British public opinion was behind its Government on general principles, but was against it on specific proposals, by reason of the exorbitance of the official Admiralty demands and Mr. Bridgeman's unhappy way of presenting them. There was a widespread and most genuine lament here over the failure to agree, and a corresponding regret over the stiffness of the American representatives. But one very important thing the British public probably did not fully realize. We mean the general effect of the cruiser debate, as broadcast by the American press, throughout the Conference. No matter how the comparative figures were stated, they revealed the United States as occupying a position strikingly inferior to Great Britain. 'Parity' might be a dream of the Big Navy school, or a mere abstract formula. Actual and admitted inferiority is another matter altogether. There, undoubtedly, is the effective argument which has driven the American President to the position upon which he has taken his stand.

'Our military power holds no threat of aggrandizement,' says Mr. Coolidge. And again, the American Navy is 'a refuge in time of disorder, and always the servant of world peace.' 'Wherever our flag goes, the rights of humanity increase.' Scoffers might perhaps at this point recall the fact that it is only under the American flag that men can still be burned alive without any serious or effective interference on the part of public authority or public opinion. But, of course, it is under phrases such as these that a President, famous for his caution and proud of his devotion to the simple American virtues, is expected to hide the steady expansion of the imperial power of the United States in Central and South America and the Caribbean Sea. Mr. Coolidge says nothing of this development, which is by far the most significant phenomenon of the Western Hemisphere in the twentieth century. He contents himself with a vague reference to Mexico and a brief mention of the activities of American naval forces in Nicaragua, for the protection of American citizens and their property and the prevention of a heavy sacrifice of life. If this were all the United States is committed to in Central America — together with its 'international duty of defending the Panama Canal' — we should be justified in believing that the Houses of Congress would decide to follow Mr. Coolidge the advocate of 'constructive economy in government' rather than the newer Coolidge who has been led to expound the rightness and necessity of naval expansion. For the present, it may be, they will do so, since the shadow of next year's election is over them. But the naval destiny of the United States will not thereby be permanently affected.

COMPETING CULTURES IN THE BALKANS [2]

WHEREVER an Italian travels in the Near East, provided he keeps his eyes open and has a lively affection for his country, he will feel as if he were wandering through a cemetery in which lie buried his nation's most glorious memories. No feeling could

[2] By Paolo Monelli, in *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Fascist daily), *December* 1

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possibly be sadder. The towers of Venice and of Genoa on the Ægean Isles facing the Trojan coast, or dotting the promontories of that historic shore, Italian coats of arms carved in white marble and mutilated by the hatred of later generations, Italian words still surviving in the jargon of the fishermen of Piræus, the carters of Bucharest, the porters of Turkey, and the Jewish peddlers of the entire Levant, Italian designations for capes and castles, for articles of food and fine fabrics, for posts of honor and for laws — all these, like epitaphs in a graveyard, revive poignant and often humiliating memories of what we have lost.

A certain doge is said to have instructed his ambassadors departing for the Levant: 'When you meet the Grand Turk, talk Venetian to him.' To-day Italian banking houses, the first signs of an Italian renaissance in the Near East, must use a foreign idiom in their transactions with their customers. An Italian traveler who puts up at a *locanda* — the word still used by the Turks — cannot address his host or the servants in his mother tongue, but is forced to speak a sort of bastard French. If he does, by some miracle, chance upon a country gentleman or a scholar who speaks a little Italian, his elation quickly subsides, for he discovers that the man is a survivor from some district where, no longer than twenty years ago perhaps, that language was still commonly spoken and understood. I have met many Levantines with sonorous Italian names who have completely forgotten the tongue of their forefathers, except for the few broken phrases needed to renew a passport or to secure some kindred privilege.

Similar conditions prevail in the Balkans. At Bucharest, Sofia, Athens, and to a considerable extent at Saloniki and Constantinople, the language of international intercourse is French. The books one sees in the shops, fashions, political ideas, the very vices, come from Paris. Scores of French teachers labor sedulously to inculcate the glory of France in the minds of thousands of young natives. What they teach in Greece may contradict what they profess in Serbia, but they always describe the public policies of their country so as to ingratiate their Government with their hearers. In a word, the Balkans are seething with French propaganda, and wherever the light infantry of boulevard literature fails to force an entrance massive German tomes and ponderous Teutonic reviews goose-step into the breach.

Rarely indeed does one find an Italian book in either Bulgaria or Rumania. A few of our newspapers and reviews are taken by a limited upper class, but none of them has anything resembling a popular circulation. Sofia rejoices in one big international bookstore, which professes to have an 'Italian department'; but it takes sharp eyes to discover the meagre little row of a dozen shabby volumes hidden away in an obscure corner — Moscardelli, Pirandello, Sibilla Aleramo, Forzano, two or three unknown authors, and a little futurist sketch by Benedetta. The salesman seems ashamed to show them. Perhaps an insistent search will also reveal a book or two by d'Annunzio, Signora Sarfatti's *Mussolini*, and a few trashy yellow novels. That is all you will find in Sofia, or elsewhere in Bulgaria — all the Italian literature available for a vigorous, alert-minded nation, eager to learn, and naturally friendly to our country; a nation that is sending students to study in our universities, and that supports two flourishing Italian schools attended by nearly a thousand Bulgarian pupils. Nor is

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the situation better with respect to libraries. Those in the schools just mentioned have two or three hundred volumes, mostly on pedagogy, and Guido da Verona. The library of the *Fascio* has some thirty volumes and Guido da Verona. The library of the Italo-Bulgarian League has some thirty volumes and Guido da Verona. Compared with this, the library of the French Cultural Institute has some ten thousand volumes, including the best works on science, art, and literature. Its collection is kept carefully up to date, and is in charge of a French professor attached to the legation. An Italian acquaintance of mine who was looking over the catalogue one day exclaimed with surprise: 'How is it that you have n't anything by Pareto?' The librarian inquired politely: 'Which of his books did you want? Which would you advise me to buy?' A month later the library bulletin announced in its new book-list several works by Pareto, but of course in French translations.

Naturally Sofia also has an *Alliance Française*, which sends propaganda lecturers out to all parts of the country. A French-language newspaper is published in that city; and several French schools, ranging all the way from the primary grade to the university, afford students technical and commercial as well as cultural courses. In addition, there are two excellent French colleges at Philippopolis, besides those at Sofia, Roščuk, and elsewhere. The six or seven thousand students attending these institutions learn to read and speak French fluently, and are taught the customs, the history, and the geography of France in the glowing colors that this nation understands so well how to lay on.

Next to the French in respect to cultural propaganda — libraries, newspapers, schools, and the rest — come the Germans. Their schools are educating about three thousand students, but their strong point is the high reputation that their forestry, engineering, and commercial institutions at home enjoy in Bulgaria. As a result, an increasing number of young Bulgarians complete their education in the Fatherland. Last of all, French, German, and English are obligatory studies, and there are chairs of each of these languages at the University.

Since the *nuovi Italiani* of Sofia have taken their school in hand, it has made remarkable progress. Founded by a little colony of only three hundred members, and patronized by the Government, it now has four primary grades and three grammar grades. Opened in the autumn of 1925 with one hundred and twenty pupils, it now has six hundred. The enrollment would be still larger if all those who apply for admission could be accommodated. A great majority of the pupils come from Bulgarian families, and represent all classes of the population — peasants, gentlemen, sons of cabinet ministers, and the children of manufacturers. They acquire an excellent working knowledge of Italian, together with the subjects taught in other educational institutions of similar grade. The second Italian school is in Philippopolis, and has three hundred pupils, practically all of whom are Bulgarians. A night school has also been established at Sofia with one hundred in attendance, including a number of university students. Near the Chamber of Commerce is another successful night school which specializes in the commercial and financial terminology of our language. What is most needed now is a good preparatory school which will take the students from the grammar grades and prepare them for the university, so that they

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will not be inclined to enter the French secondary institutions. This is particularly important, because Italian is not part of the regular curriculum in the Balkan schools.

A number of young Bulgarians are taking courses in Italian universities. Still more would do so if our educational authorities gave them a kindlier welcome. France and Germany make a business of encouraging these students to come to them. Bulgaria is developing a textile industry and a wine industry of some importance. No one has ever told its people that we have excellent textile schools and excellent vintagers' schools in Italy. A generation of able young Bulgarian engineers is growing up in almost utter ignorance of our engineering institutions. A party of young Bulgarian preparatory-school graduates was persuaded to go to Italy to enter a technical college there. When they arrived the college authorities refused them admission because they had not studied Latin. So, having been put to all the expense of a futile trip to Italy and home again, they finally went to Berlin, where they were welcomed with every courtesy and the doors of the country's best engineering institutions were opened to them.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN BEING[3]

PERHAPS the most dramatic moment of the recent Disarmament Conference was when M. Paul-Boncour, the first orator in Europe, sprang to his feet to plead security for France. It focused in my mind forever the appearance of the famous Hall of Glass during a debate.

With his boyish, eager face, surmounted by a shock of tousled gray hair, M. Boncour is a striking figure. When he stands up an unusual silence falls over the Hall of Glass, for the journalists stop whispering among themselves and sit up and take notice. Every trick of rhetoric is his, every inflexion known to the voice of man. Silence, torrents of eloquence, raps on the order paper, great rhythmic gestures that anticipate his sentences, instead of following them, as do the actions of Northern speakers — there is no artifice he does not use on this hard-headed and eminently practical audience of politicians, administrators, newspaper men. It is not a gathering to be swept away by winged phrases, yet it enjoys M. Boncour. His performance is so perfect that one almost forgets the sense in the joy of the sound.

Sometimes he seems to be almost writhing out of his clothes in his sinuous posturings; at other moments he is crouching, silent, quivering for a spring on his argument. The sacrifice of France, her fears, her glory, ring in his silver voice. Her million dead are summoned to my imagination as I listen. Always it moves me to hear a Frenchman speak of the war.

'*Je vous supplie,*' the speaker is saying, '*Messieurs les représentants de l'Union des Républiques Soviètiques Socialistes*' (with what grace the tangled title comes from his eloquent lips, clenched hands before him, eyes echoing his words!) '*— je vous supplie'!* He is asking MM. Litvinoff and Lunacharskii not to hurry the date of the next Disarmament Conference. The two Soviet tsars sit side by side. They listen in some surprise, and obviously not unmoved by this appeal.

Does the thought flash through their minds, as it does through mine, and no doubt through the minds of many others under the spell of this speech, that discussion is almost always better than destruction? How

[3] By F. Yeats-Brown, in the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative weekly), *December* 17

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many of us in the Hall of Glass — some twenty dozen rather specially trusted people in various walks of life — really believe in the League? The answer is, almost all. The few who do not are 'cranks.' Five years ago it was just the contrary. But public opinion has veered vertiginously, and politicians and the press have adapted themselves accordingly. Those who do not see which way the wind is blowing will not long survive.

It is a remarkable scene, this Parliament of Man, often described before, but always worth describing again, for the public memory is short. Imagine, then, a large conservatory, or a small town hall, whose three sides are composed of tall arched windows, — seven on each side and three at the end, — with a minimum of structural support between them. The three windows giving directly on the Lake Leman are hung with red plush curtains to screen the delegates from the street. The floor is parquet, covered with occasional strips of gray carpet, and scarred here and there with the cigarettes of a negligent audience. The ceiling is frescoed in a bright Italianate design of flowers and fruit.

The legislators sit round a horseshoe table, liberally provided with decanters of water and glasses, occupying about a third of the end of the hall nearest Lake Leman. Behind this table, against the plush curtains, sit the chief officers of the Secretariat — Sir Eric Drummond, M. Defour-Feronce (his chief lieutenant), and the other under-secretaries, notable among them being the huge bulk of the Japanese, M. Sugimura, who is Director of the Political Section. Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General, and past-master in the art of persuading committees to stick to the point, sits next the President. Inside the horseshoe are the shorthand writers, translators, and interpreters. The task of the latter is extremely onerous, and they discharge it with an ability amounting to genius. Directly M. Boncour is seated, for instance, Colonel Wade rises, notebook in hand, and reads out the Frenchman's twenty minutes of impassioned oratory, sentence by sentence, in correct and cogent English. Similarly, when M. Litvinoff made his vehement address, M. Parodi was entirely *à l'hauteur de sa tâche*, and without pause or hesitation rendered the torrent of broken English into fluent French, subtracting nothing, adding nothing except a few graceful gestures of his own, which accompany the periods of the Latin tongue.

The remaining two-thirds of the hall is composed of some twenty rows of desks, where the press of the world forms the audience. The general public are not admitted to Council debates, owing to lack of accommodation, but there is room in the side aisles for a few observers. No one, however, is allowed into the Hall of Glass without a photographic pass, since some ragamuffin, years ago, slapped Count Bethlen's face after gaining admission by saying he was a journalist. On this occasion the presence of the Russians made precautions doubly necessary, of course.

The proceedings are less of a full-dress debate than I had supposed. During the translation of the speeches, for instance, the audience feel free to move about amid a susurration of small talk, and smoke and flutter sheets of paper which messengers bear away to the telegraph office. If there be a paradise on earth for journalists, it is this, it is this, it is this! The statesmen of the world declaim for their benefit, but they need not listen, for the speech will be translated. And again they need not listen, for only a quarter of an hour after the delivery of a speech

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the buzzing bureaus of the Secretariat will have produced lithographed verbatim copies of it for distribution. All that the happy reporter need do is to strike out the paragraphs which his newspaper does not want, add a few fine careless raptures of his own, and hand the whole to a page. If, however, he would prepare a more personal message for the breakfast table of his country, he has a comfortable press-room in which to do it and a helpful staff to assist him. All this is very right and very up to date; for without the press where is public opinion? How should we know that our representatives had ever opened their mouths?

This, then, is the setting in the Hall of Glass. The dying Goethe or the living Dr. Saleeby would be satisfied with the light of heaven that guides our labors. From where I sit I can see glimpses of the Lake through the pollard willows that stand against the gray of sky and water like so many thousand-branched candlesticks. Close at hand, under the windows, are formal lawns and gravel paths; beyond, in the background, the cloudy Alps. Inside, in a not unpleasant atmosphere of smoke and steam heating, we men and women from half the races of the earth meet all on the level of the parquet, intimately and informally, little groups of people of good will in whose minds is reflected, it is not fantastic to hope, something of the serenity on the face of the waters of Lake Leman.

What a concourse of nationalities it is! M. Beneš speaks before M. Boncour; also Lord Cushendun and Count Bernstorff and M. Litvinoff. During a ten-minute interval in the proceedings the delegates stand about chatting with each other and the audience. One of the beautiful journalists of the Conference, a Dutch girl, goes forward to mingle among the elect of nations, her fair head carrying as it were the standard of youth and the emancipated womanhood of the Northern peoples among the black coats and bald pates of legislators, who are not without susceptible hearts as well as possessing some of the acutest brains of Europe.

How soon, with all this meeting and mingling, will war between members of the League become intolerable and unthinkable? Statesmen come and go. Even journalists disappear, no one quite knows where. But the League goes on. If it were to perish in another world war, a new League would arise on this very spot from the ashes of destruction. Every sensible man and woman on earth knows that modern war is too horrible, too ruinous, to continue; it will end simply because the common sense of mankind declares that this thing shall not be.

Is there not something novel enough to give us pause in this apparent platitude? The miracle of peace may be wrought by the lordship of a united will. Sane people cannot meet four times a year in Geneva and then go away to make preparations for blowing each other to bits.

What actual decisions will be taken in the Hall of Glass I do not know, nor does anyone else. But that they will lead to peace I am certain. The words that have echoed between its windows have been heard before on earth, but never has the spirit that informed them been so universally acknowledged by mankind.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND

THE GREAT PRAYER BOOK CONTROVERSY

[FEW events in recent years have aroused more intense and significant differences of opinion in England than the refusal of the House of Commons to accept the revised Prayer Book. We give here a variety of views on the subject. Our first article, from the *Spectator*, represents the middle-of-the-road attitude of the average enlightened Englishman. It also gives a full summary of the facts and factors involved. The more radical *New Statesman* interprets the defeat of the Prayer Book as a triumph of old-fashioned Protestantism and an indication that religious feeling is very much alive. The more pugnacious *Saturday Review* speaks for the supporters of the revised book. The *Outlook* assumes a rather agnostic vein, and accuses the bishops of fatal tactical blunders.]

PARLIAMENT AND PRAYER BOOK — THE WHOLE STORY [1]

THE rejection of the Prayer Book measure by the House of Commons on December 15 was as dramatic as it was unexpected. In common with all who have been working for the adoption of the deposited book, we must confess our deep disappointment. The rejection of the measure in the House of Commons was carried by 240 votes to 207. The result of twenty-one years' work has been jettisoned, and an impossible position created. Let us briefly recall the succession of events which led up to the defeat of the measure

The new Prayer Book was the Church's answer to the mandate of Parliament which was the outcome of the Royal Commission of 1906. On that occasion Parliament said to the Church, in effect: 'Put your house in order and bring your régime up to date.' The Prayer Book measure was the Church's answer — the result of a careful and exhaustive consideration of all points of view, and a proposal endorsed by preponderating majorities of all the properly constituted Church authorities. Every word had been debated and redebated, and the need of reëstablishing authority and order in the Church has never been lost sight of. In 1919 Parliament gave the Church of England Assembly its present power, and it is difficult to see what the next step will be. The properly constituted authority of the Church has spoken, and its voice has been ignored.

Before the debate in the House of Lords well-informed opinion among the supporters of the book chiefly feared the votes of the 'backwoodsmen' peers, and it thought that, even if the peers did not reject the measure, the majority would be small; the passage of the measure through the House of Commons was regarded as certain, with a majority of from fifty to a hundred. As we recorded last week, the measure was passed by the Upper House with the large majority of 153. The figures were 241 in favor and 88 against. Not for many years were such animated scenes witnessed in the House

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative weekly), *December 24*

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of Lords as during the debate, which reached a high level. The supporters of the measure, as was to be expected, had much the best of the argument. The most difficult ditch had been safely negotiated, and the supporters of the measure now looked forward with confidence to the proceedings in the Lower House.

There was a consensus of opinion that during the earlier stages of the debate in the Commons those in favor of the measure were still in the majority, but as the hours passed there was a noticeable change of sentiment. Rarely in recent years has a vital decision been so obviously influenced by the debating ability displayed; and oratory, members being free to vote as they chose, brought its reward. Nearly all the honors went to the Opposition. The three speeches which chiefly effected the change of opinion were those of the Home Secretary, of Sir Thomas Inskip, and of Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell. With few exceptions the defenders of the measure were unequal to their task, and, as the *Times* said, 'those on whom the burden fell were too much inclined to assume the attitude of the plain, ignorant man who trusted his bishop.' Added to this, the slogan of 'No Popery,' raised so effectively in previous crises of our history, was decisive.

Originally the intention was that the debate should be wound up by the Prime Minister, but it is understood that Mr. Baldwin gave way to the representations of Sir Douglas Hogg, that this might appear as an official instruction to his Party to vote for the measure. As a result, the last speech for the measure was sadly inadequate. Much of the comment which has appeared in the press seems to us irrelevant. We are told that the voting shows that 'the English people are fundamentally Protestant' — a statement that no one controverts; but an analysis of the voting figures shows that in England 199 members voted for the measure, and only 175 against. The Prayer Book measure was therefore thrown out, not by the votes of members representing English constituencies, but by the votes of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and all the members of the Liberal Party, with two exceptions, voted against it. The point on which we desire to lay emphasis, as Lord Birkenhead reminds us in a letter to the *Times* on Tuesday, is that the Church of England in England has expressed its views clearly and constitutionally. These views have been overridden, not by the Parliamentary representatives of the English people, but by the votes of members of the disestablished Churches and Free Churches in Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland, and by the votes of Christian Scientists and Theosophists.

There are four alternatives before the Church. If the Church Assembly reënacts the measure it can be reintroduced into Parliament next session; the Church can accept the ruling of Parliament and leave things *in statu quo*; the Church can accept the advice of some of its most determined critics and represent the measure, leaving out all changes in the Communion Service; or it can make up its mind to press for Disestablishment, and thereby free itself from Parliamentary control. Let us deal with these alternatives in an inverse order to that in which they have been stated.

The *Spectator* has always supported the Establishment, and we do not think, at the present juncture, that this means of escape from the dilemma should be considered, though there may well be a situation in which no other alternative would be possible. The nation would have more to lose by Disestablishment, in our view, than the Church. But although Thursday's

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debate brings Disestablishment within the range of practical politics, the time for its adoption has not yet arrived.

The third alternative, that of resubmitting the measure with all reference to the Communion Service deleted, has little prospect of acceptance by the moderate-minded. The *causa causans* of revision, as we reminded our readers on a former occasion, is the need of restoring the authority of the Episcopate.

If the controversial parts of the measure were deleted, that object would be defeated, for it is only in the controversial parts that the question of law and order is involved. As the Bishop of Winchester wrote some months since: 'It would be as if Parliament had said to the Church, "You must put your house in order, but you must leave untouched the rooms which need most attention."' Let us suppose for a moment that these arguments were ignored and that a majority of Churchmen could be persuaded to divide the measure into two parts and to resubmit the noncontroversial portion to Parliament. Who is to decide which are the controversial and which the noncontroversial parts of the deposited book? We can only repeat what we wrote on October 29: 'The attempt to arrive at agreement would involve the Church in another prolonged controversy, and there is no justification for assuming that revision on other lines would commend itself to the Church in anything like the same degree.'

The second alternative — that of doing nothing — is surely one that we can dismiss as a counsel of despair.

We come, therefore, to the first alternative. The Church should resubmit the measure to Parliament next year in the hope that wiser counsels will prevail. Whatever the opponents of the measure may have said in the heat of the debate, there is little likelihood of the bishops taking disciplinary proceedings against any priest taking a stand on the contents of the deposited book. We cannot improve on Lord Birkenhead's words: 'Every clergyman now knows that in practice he can with impunity employ the revised Prayer Book.'

The deposited book remains the book of the Church of England. About that there can be no two opinions. In the speeches of the opponents of the measure in the House of Commons there was a deep note of sincerity to which we can all pay tribute. But the supporters of the measure are equally sincere in their conviction. Their conscience tells them that the spiritual control of the Church must rest with the Church's properly constituted authority; they regard the decision of Parliament as cutting at the very root of the life and liberty of the Church of England.

Dark and difficult days lie ahead of us, but we hope and believe that sooner or later those belonging to other religious bodies will realize that the ultimate arbiter of the beliefs and practice of the Church of England must be the Church itself. What better prayer could we have in the present circumstances than the Great Antiphon for December 17: 'O Wisdom that proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end mightily, and sweetly disposing all things: come and teach us the way of prudence.'

A PROTESTANT TRIUMPH [2]

In the discussions which have been going on during the past few months on the revised Prayer Book of the Church of England, we have not hitherto felt entitled to take a very active part. But now that the struggle has been

[2] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *December* 24

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decisively closed by the House of Commons, we may perhaps venture to make certain comments upon it. The debates which took place in both Houses of Parliament last week were phenomena which certainly deserve the attention of all serious and reasonable men and women. The strong and deep and obviously sincere feeling evoked on all sides was unanticipated, yet essentially inevitable. It is too easily supposed that in this twentieth century religion is practically dead. But of course it cannot be dead. Its forms may change, but religious emotion must always remain, not merely one of the commonest, but one of the most profound and perhaps the most puzzling of human emotions. It may be as indefinable and incommunicable as æsthetic emotion, but it remains a fact, one of the major observable facts of human experience. Darwin may have been wiser than Moses, but it is not conceivable that his influence will ever approach the influence which Moses has had — and interminably will have — upon the minds of men and the destiny of the human race. Whatever else man is, he is certainly religious — the exceptions are not numerically important. He can get along well enough without a Darwin to tell him what he has been, but not without a Moses to tell what he may be. And this remains a fact whichever story be regarded as a fable.

Hence the genuine seriousness of this present affair. The debates of last week were a tremendous test of the reality of religious feeling among modern men of the world; and the result surprised most of us. If there had been no very strong or widespread religious feeling, the revised Prayer Book would have been passed, as we all expected it would be passed, on the mere authority of the Primate and the Prime Minister. On simple grounds of expediency it certainly ought to have been passed, but miraculously the House of Commons ignored expediency and on grounds of sheer Protestantism flung the new book back at the bishops' heads. The Archbishop of Canterbury, it was reported, wept tears of despair. He should surely have wept tears of joy at so convincing a proof that the great religion for which he stands is not yet dead in England. All the atheists voted on his side, but they were outnumbered by members whose religious convictions — however mistaken — are indubitable.

Whatever we may think of the Christian religion, we must all surely admit that it is far greater than any of its particular forms. Its forms are literally innumerable. There is the Christianity of the Pope and the Christianity of Ignatius Loyola, there is the mystical Christianity of Saint Augustine, there is the prosperous and Erastian Christianity of Archdeacon Grantly representing the Church of England, there is the Christianity of the appalling Calvin, — even *he* must be admitted, — and there is the undoubted Christianity of Moody and Sankey with its revolting insistence upon the red 'blood of the Lamb.' Beyond or below that there is the Christianity of the Southern negroes of the United States, who sing in their tabernacles: —

> There ain't no flies on Jesus,
> There ain't no flies on Jesus,
> There may be flies on you and me,
> But there ain't no flies on the great J. C.

That this chorus is not irreverent is the whole point. The faith of those who sing it is beyond doubt, and it is not really so very much worse than some of the choruses authorized by that great Christian evangelist, the late General Booth. Christianity, in short, as a great religion has necessarily myriad forms. Some of them we may admire, and some despise. We may prefer Booth to Newman, or Manning to

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Moody. But such distinctions are matters of personal preference; they have no fundamental meaning. All these men were profoundly convinced and inspiring Christians, ready to die for the faith of the Cross and the fundamental doctrine of the Atonement. These were not so well educated as those; those attached more importance than these to the essentially æsthetic aspects of their common faith. But all were Christians, and fundamental Christianity is neither vulgar nor 'refined.' It is both and neither. It is universal. It belongs to all those who in their own way can take from it something that is real for themselves.

An obvious parallel and extension of this point suggests itself here. There will be some who will regard the 'King of Kings' film as a vulgar and abominable outrage. They will so deeply and properly resent, even in anticipation, the appearance of a Hollywood actor in the rôle of Christ, and the Hollywood sentimentality spread over the greatest and simplest and yet most powerful of all dramas known to man, that they will refuse to see the film. And they will be right. But if they were to say that no one ought to see it, they would be quite wrong. Is not a soul saved by Moody or Spurgeon, or even Billy Sunday, as good as a soul saved by Newman? And even if one believes that souls are not saved in these ways, it is impossible to deny, if religion is to live, that different people must be approached and moved in quite different ways and by quite different methods. The reasons why we prefer 'Lead, kindly Light' to 'There ain't no flies on Jesus' are sound enough, but they have nothing to do with religion; they are merely matters of taste.

Rather far we may seem to have wandered from the subject of the abortive new Prayer Book. But it is not really so very far. The new Prayer Book represented a restricted and essentially unimaginative attempt to create a liturgy which every worshiper could interpret as it pleased him. Even to make such an attempt was not sensible. An Established Church may compromise in practice, but never in theory. Its formal doctrines must be hard and fast. It cannot allow the Host to be worshiped in this parish and not in that. It is allowing that now, of course; but there is a great difference between turning a blind eye to such illegalities and making them half legal. The authority of the bishops — even if they were willing to exercise it — could not possibly be increased by any such compromise.

The practical aspects of the question were described by the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, in what was probably the most effective speech he has ever made, or is ever likely to make. Without having any sympathy for his particular brand of Evangelical Protestantism, one may certainly say that his arguments were historically and constitutionally unanswerable. Probably his speech turned the balance. 'Trust the bishops,' said Mr. Bridgeman. 'Trust the bishops,' said Mr. Baldwin. But the House refused to trust the bishops because, as the Home Secretary pointed out, they have utterly failed to exert their authority in the desired direction during the last thirty years. They could have stifled the 'Romanist' movement very easily if they had chosen. They had only to let it be known that Anglo-Catholics must expect no preferment and the Anglo-Catholic movement would soon have ceased to exist. But half of them were Anglo-Catholics themselves.

The Church of England is a unique institution. It is certainly the least religious of all the religious bodies that we know of. Ever since the days of the Protestant Tudors it has been governed

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by men who have sought to win preferment rather than souls, and has been largely manned, as to its rank and file, by those 'fools of the family' who were unlikely to be able to provide for themselves unless they were given the family 'living.' That has been the prevailing tradition of the Anglican Church, and the main cause of the general contempt into which it has fallen. An Erastian church can hold respect only in an Erastian age. The Church of England to-day enjoys, we suppose, less respect and provokes less religious emotion than any other church in the world. It is about this fact that the bishops should be really bothering their heads.

However, the Church of England is an 'established' state church, and when the spokesmen of the bishops denounce the unwarranted 'interference' of those who do not profess to be members of it they are obviously demanding sheer Congregationalism. As things stand, they have no possible right to object to the votes of Baptists or of Unitarians, or even of atheists. A state church must be a state church, subject to ordinary political control. If the Anglican Church wishes to achieve some really religious significance, and to control its own spiritual destinies, then quite obviously it must voluntarily resign the privileges of the Establishment and accept such place as it can win among the various religious bodies which are competing for the religious loyalty of the masses. It cannot hope to combine freedom with formal authority. If it cannot withstand the competition of the Free Churches, — and, naturally, it is terribly hampered by the 'fool of the family' tradition, — then it must break away from the State and determine its own destiny on its own merits. The alternative is to accept the *status quo* and make the best of it — and that, it seems to us, is the best hope it has of prolonging its life. If it died to-morrow how many Christians would there be who would mourn it? Its position has always been anomalous. If it recognizes its true position it may hold it for another generation or so; but if it seeks 'spiritual' authority, as ordinarily religious men understand that word — then it must certainly sever its connection with the State. The right of a Presbyterian or an agnostic or a Welsh Nonconformist to vote against the considered views of the bench of bishops can be challenged only by those who are willing to resign the authority, the prestige, and the emoluments which they derive from the Establishment. Disestablishment must be regarded as a good thing or as a bad thing according to the importance attached to temporal and spiritual authority. But this at least, we think, must now be taken as a fact — that any future attempt to make the reservation of the Sacrament even an optional part of the 'established' religion of England is quite certain to be defeated even more heavily than the new Prayer Book was defeated last week. If the debate had lasted another day, the hostile majority would almost certainly have been greater; and if the issue were ever to be carried to the constituencies, the condemnation would quite certainly be much greater still. In England even agnostics are Protestants — are ready, that is to say, to oppose any measure which implies even the smallest hint of any acceptance of the doctrines or the authority of Rome. These things are not commonly discussed in Manchester as they are in Belfast, but if any practical issue arises the two cities will inevitably be at one. The views of the Home Secretary on this question, whatever we may think of them, are undoubtedly the views of a great majority of the British electorate.

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THAT ADVERSE VOTE [3]

By rejecting the Prayer Book measure the House of Commons has delivered a well-timed message of peace and good will to Church and nation. The work of twenty-one patient years was undone in a night; the decision of the Church, agreed upon by an overwhelming majority of its own membership and handsomely endorsed by the House of Lords, was reversed by seven hours of melodramatic oratory. The House seemed singularly pleased with its handiwork, its critics too dumfounded to criticize. On all sides it has been asserted that in the Prayer Book debate the Commons were seen at their best. They were seen at their worst. There was no attempt at reason; intelligence was at a discount. It was not a debate; it was a deluge.

The old cry of 'No Popery' was raised with complete success; the worn and creaking bogy of Rome was once more trundled successfully across the stage. That the oratory was sincere only makes it the more lamentable. If *this* is the way the House of Commons behaves when it is left for once to think for itself, then God be praised for the whips and the party system! But of course it was not thinking. Men who had had little mind or opportunity to examine the questions at issue for themselves were stampeded into opposition by appeals to their ignorance and prejudice. Like cave-men, terrified of what they did not understand, they surrendered hands down to superstition. They voted against suspicions, not facts. . . . The House of Commons vote last Friday did not represent the real opinion of the nation; it did not even represent the real opinion of the House of Commons. We are not for a moment underestimating the strength of Protestant feeling — the traditional, militant Protestant feeling — in the country. After last Friday no one is likely to underestimate that again. But three points have to be considered. The first is that English Protestantism is not wholly a religious manifestation; it is partly a political thing. Battles around Protestantism and the Church in its relation to the State have for centuries played so large a part in English history that religion and politics have become inextricably intertwined and none can safely say where one begins and the other ends. It is therefore fair to assume that some part of the opposition to the Prayer Book measure in last week's debate was, unconsciously or not, political. In that event it did not fairly represent Church opinion, and may be morally discounted. Secondly, there was among members representing English constituencies a majority in favor of the book; the resolution was defeated by Scottish, Welsh, and Irish members and by the Parsi, Mr. Saklatvala. It is the English vote that counts in the moral scale, for the Church of England, as to its greatly preponderant part, is representative of England and the English people. Thirdly, the decision taken by the Commons was hurried and ill-considered. If the House had hesitated the measure would not have been lost; given a night to sleep on it, members would probably have recovered their wits. Here again, then, the Commons decision may be said to have been unrepresentative.

[3] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *December* 24

DISTRUSTING THE BISHOPS [4]

The most obvious comment on the rejection of the Prayer Book by Parliament is that the House of Lords, as an assembly largely composed of experts,

[4] From the *Outlook* (London Independent weekly), *December* 24

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accepted the advice of its own ecclesiastical experts, the bishops; whereas the House of Commons, as a representative institution, took the view of the man in the street that the proposed changes were undesirable, and voted against the measure. An exactly parallel situation, it may be recalled, arose a few years ago when the House of Lords accepted a divorce bill promoted by one of its own legal members, which the House of Commons promptly rejected. The question at once arises, Which was right?

For our part, we are on general principles more inclined to trust the expert than to take the advice of the man in the street. Doctors sometimes kill their patients, but a trained physician is usually less likely to be wrong than a quack. Lawyers sometimes ruin their clients, but Lord Buckmaster is more likely to appreciate the defects of the divorce law than the ordinary club moralist. And similarly, the heads of the Church may be presumed to be more likely to understand the religious needs of the community than the average man who is only occasionally in the pew.

But the average man, who is quite incompetent to judge the technical details of an issue on which specialists may differ, is often able to form a very shrewd idea of the value of expert advice by the simple process of ignoring what the experts say on things he does not understand and hearing them out on matters on which any intelligent man is quite competent to form an opinion.

When two theologians differ on the problem of Purgatory and the wisdom of prayers for the dead, the layman remains respectfully silent. But when the Bishop of London assures the House of Lords that the new Prayer Book is very much the same as the old, while he has already assured the Anglo-Catholic clergy in his diocese that it gives them all they have been fighting for a generation to obtain, the average man makes up his mind without any difficulty that the Bishop of London is not quite an impartial witness. When other bishops assure us that the reservation of the Sacrament is only to be permitted for the use of the sick, the average man recalls that it has been advocated by many clergymen for the purpose of adoration, and wonders a little whether these episcopal assurances are quite sincere in the present, or whether they will be effective in the future. When the Archbishop of Canterbury himself assures us that there is no change of doctrine, the average man will ask why original sin has disappeared from the new Baptismal Service, and why the Black Rubric has disappeared from the new Communion Service. If these things do not imply a change of doctrine, why were they done? If they do imply a change of doctrine, why not say so?

The average man's opinion on original sin is probably worth exactly nothing. But the average man's opinion on the credibility of witnesses is worth a great deal, as every High Court judge has testified. And the average man made up his mind that in this matter of the new Prayer Book he was not being treated with complete candor by the witnesses in favor of the measure, with the result that the House of Commons threw out the proposal. We are bound to confess that in our opinion the suspicion was not entirely without foundation. The bishops attempted to do more than they confessed to doing. They misjudged the temper, and perhaps the intelligence, of the nation, and they lost everything.

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ITALY STATES HER CASE[1]

MUSSOLINI'S MEDITERRANEAN CLAIMS

BY A BRITISH CORRESPONDENT

ITALY, with her entire shores washed by the seas of the Mediterranean basin, and with African colonies along the Mediterranean seaboard, has more reason than any other Mediterranean Power to be directly and preëminently concerned in all questions affecting these waters. And this is especially so in the case of the question of the International régime of Tangier, the gateway of the Mediterranean, from which Italy has been excluded.

In such journals of the French press as the *Temps* and *Écho de Paris* it has been argued that Italy herself, by the Franco-Italian accords of 1912 and 1916, renounced intervention in the Morocco question in return for French renunciation of intervention in Libya, and that therefore Italy has no right to exact participation in Tangier. This argument does not satisfy Italy. The fact remains that there exist in Morocco three distinct zones — French, Spanish, and the International Zone of Tangier.

It is clear to Italy, and it has been emphasized to France, — particularly in 1923, when France opposed in most absolute manner Italian participation with England and Spain in the régime question; — that the Franco-Italian accord of 1916 holds reciprocal obligations only as regards the French Zone. Italy cannot understand why France wishes to bar Italy from her place in the International Zone, putting the only completely Mediterranean Power on the same footing as small Powers with remote Mediterranean interests.

This French opposition to Italy's reasonable and logical aspirations in Tangier is considered an unjustifiably hostile act in view of the common victory in the Great War, and in view of the sacrifices made therein.

France's ambition to obtain exclusive control of Tangier is a matter of history, and its last major manifestation was at the Peace Conference. But the Peace Conference, by 'turning down' France's proposal, emphasized once more the international character of the Zone and the right of Italy, as a Mediterranean Power and as a signatory state to the Act of Algeciras, to be on the same footing as France, England, and Spain. Despite this, Italy found herself excluded from the 1923 Convention between these Powers — with France very active in seeing that this exclusion was made effective.

It would appear that the French Government, despite speeches of its ministers, remains blind to the fact that the disappearance of the Turkish Empire from the Mediterranean and the advent of European Powers in its place has changed the whole character of the Mediterranean question. Instead of seeing this, Paris quibbles with irrelevant dates and obsolete factors.

The question of Italian participation in the Tangier International régime at-

[1] From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *December* 14, 15, 16

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tacks neither the prestige nor the interests of France; and for Italy it is not a local question, but one involved in her essentially protective Mediterranean foreign policy. France's attitude to Italy is quite incomprehensible here.

Tunis is an old point of Italo-French misunderstanding, and the intensity of Italian feeling over it is not fully realized outside Italy. Italy had already established and held on a treaty basis with the local beys a colony in Tunisia before the French occupation; and Italian proximity, Italian emigrants, capital, labor, and institutions, had earmarked the area as Italian. The French *coup d'état* found the colony a going concern, and the Treaty of Bardo in 1881 was the blow which created a cleavage between the Italian and French peoples and determined Italy's adherence to Germany.

This is all past history, and no responsible person — Signor Mussolini above all — thinks of disputing France's position in Tunis. But that Italian colony is still there. Every year it increases, and the position of the colonists is utterly equivocal. The Italians are mostly land workers, but there are also professional and business men, and they have many educational, cultural, and charitable institutions. In 1896 a species of convention was arranged to secure, under the French régime, the maintenance of the *Italianita* of the Italians, their institutions, and their children; but soon these rights were whittled away by various decrees. Then came the Great War; and Italy fought not on the side of Germany, but of France.

During the war the French showed a more just attachment to the spirit of the 1896 Convention, giving facilities for the mobilization and embarkation of Italians to join the Allied forces; but no sooner was the war practically finished than France, on September 9, 1918, denounced the Convention. The pain given to Italian susceptibilities by this step, immediately after the conclusion of a common victory, may be imagined.

France thus showed her determination to absorb the colonists and to apply to a territory over which she only exercised protectorate authority a régime inimical to the Italian elements which had so materially contributed to the development of the colony. The French Decree of 1919 made the acquisition of real property practically prohibitive to Italians, and that of 1921, protested against by both Italy and England, imperils the birthright of one hundred and thirty thousand resident Italians.

Rome strongly resents these blows. Parliament, press, and public have time and again protested; and the factor which brings these protests to danger point is the French measures for denationalizing the sons of Italian parents — measures so framed that a sword of Damocles is held over their heads. Under present conditions nationalization regulations in Tunis run for renewal from three months to three months; and Rome considers it harsh that Italians must risk every three months losing their national rights.

French propaganda is so strong that the Italian finds himself carrying on the affairs of life under conditions of inferiority. He has to struggle against strong temptations to change his nationality. The majority resist; but not all are able to continue to make sacrifices, so that lately many have asked to be nationalized as Frenchmen.

Why should Italy, Rome asks, be indifferent to the extinction of her colonists? Is it just of France to make Italy solve France's birth-rate problem? The only thing that Italy requires to-day of France in this field in order to restore fraternal relations is

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that the Convention to regulate life in Tunis be renewed for a long period of time, — at least twenty years, — until an end is reached of the process already begun. In such Convention all that Rome would ask is (*a*) that Italians remain Italians; (*b*) that their children be educated in Italian schools and preserve their Italian identity; (*c*) that work and business be not disturbed by circumstances attendant on the menace of having to change nationality; (*d*) that France should not apply in territory over which she does not enjoy sovereign authority French laws to the detriment of Italians who had a position in Tunis and developed it before the coming of the French.

The problems that touch Italy in Tunis are also present and awaiting settlement in Morocco. Although as a colony it is numerically of less importance, the principle remains equally potent — the duty of Italy to protect her nationals. The conditions created, which change Italians into Frenchmen by arbitrary and unilateral laws, thwarting the development of Italian schools and institutions, and creating adverse conditions under which Italians must labor, all lead under the existing régime, as in Tunis, to the same fate. The protection of the nationality of Italians constitutes a sentimental and material obligation of such a nature for Italy and the Italian Government that all possibility of 'doing a deal' with France which would involve the loss to Italy of her sons may be at once dismissed.

Italy is vitally interested in the colonization of Libya, a work which was in progress before adjacent French colonization. Italy has no 'Imperial' colonies as other Powers have, including France. After the war she was excluded from the acquisition of new colonies even as a mandated Power, and at various times has asked that the question of the southern frontiers of Libya be cleared up.

Italy cannot recognize the demarcation of this frontier as it existed before the departure of Turkey — a demarcation which cut away a great part of the country's natural hinterland. When Italy was in the war she was concerned to solve, at least in part, the problem of the Libyan hinterland, and to this end obtained, through Article XIII of the Treaty of London, the stipulation that the various problems of its colonies would be examined and resolved the moment peace was declared.

While the British Government has been able to reach an accord with Italy concerning the eastern Libyan frontier facing Jarabub — important not only for itself, but as a Senussi centre; while frontier adjustments have been carried out with Britain for regulating the confines of Italian Somaliland; while England has ceded Jubaland, which allows the development of the irrigation supplies of Somaliland; while the British Foreign Office has been able to stipulate, or renew, accords of reciprocal good will and economy under certain conditions in Abyssinia and by the Red Sea — while Britain has done these things in accordance with the spirit of the Treaty, France, on the other hand, has marked herself by what is felt to be a miserable application of Article XIII. It is in sum total the abandonment of one strip of arid desert joining Ghadames and Ghat.

As for obstruction in settling confines — how can the regulation of the southern and eastern frontiers, it is asked here, be considered a matter that concerns France? Neither the circumstances leading to this problem nor Italy's attachment to the argument are, it is felt, well known or generally understood.

In 1899 France and England subscribed to a Declaration defining the

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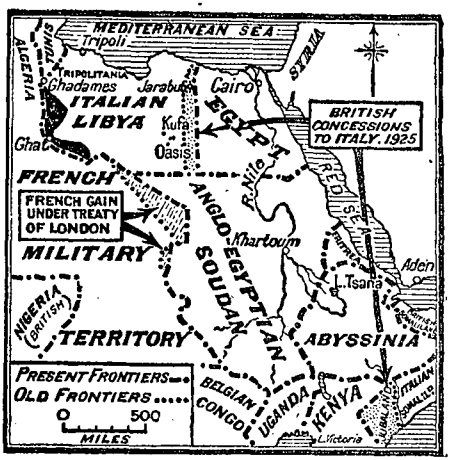
hinterland demarcation of the Libyan Desert, giving a precise notation to the fact that the line was not just any vague line in a southeasterly direction; it was shown to be a southeasterly one following a clearly defined route be-



tween clearly defined points duly indicated. That the map accompanying the Declaration was marked with a dotted line lacking precision does not, in Italian opinion, affect the description of the line as written in the text.

In 1919 an Anglo-French Convention was reached affecting this frontier, without consultation with Italy, a border state; and Italy refutes the Anglo-French argument that the 1919 Convention does not modify the conditions created by the 1899 Declaration. France confesses that the Convention 'slightly enlarges the zone of French influence' — a 'slight enlargement' which amounts to about one hundred and ten thousand square miles, and is a step toward cutting all communication between the oasis of Kufra and important margins of the Sudan.

If, it is argued, the French Government felt the need of reaching an agreement with the Italian Government concerning the line when Tripolitania was still in the hands of the Turks and constituted for Italy only a simple aspiration, surely there is stronger reason to do so now that Tripolitania is under Italian sovereignty.

Continuing the argument, Rome holds that it is easy to confute the Anglo-French assertion that the 1919 Convention does not modify the dispositions of the 1899 Declaration. One has only to reflect that the Declaration constitutes a division of spheres of influence over unoccupied and only partially explored regions, while the 1919 Convention represents a real frontier delimitation, not only conventional, but actually carried out on the land, and marking a demarcation line between occupied and established territories. How, Italy therefore asks, can France hold that the 1919 Convention is in the spirit of the 1899 Declaration? And how, it is added, can the English Government seek to maintain that the Convention has a purely negative character?

Italy considers that the Convention alters profoundly the Declaration, and that without her having been informed, as was her due in consideration of her interests as a border state. She therefore maintains the right to refuse to consider the existence as regards herself of the 1919 Convention, and to assume that there is no modification of the state of affairs based on the 1899 Declaration.

Italy does not want to disturb the Adriatic-Balkan equilibrium as it is established by the treaties. She does not wish to build up any political or commercial monopoly in the Adriatic detrimental to any other country. The Adriatic-Balkan problem is summed up for Italy in two points: (*a*) to guarantee for herself free passage in the Adriatic to and from the Mediterranean; (*b*) not to find ob-

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stacles to her economic expansion in the Balkan countries.

For Italy, therefore, the problem of the independence of Albania is one of capital importance. It is a key position for securing the above two points. When, however, the news arrived in England and in Italy last spring of aggressive intention by Yugoslavia against Albania, Italy concluded with Ahmed Bey Zogu the first Pact of Tirana, recently completed in the Treaty of Alliance. This made Yugoslavia halt. These purely protective pacts have raised strong reaction, especially in the French press, and have been followed by renewed outbursts of abuse on the part of the Belgrade press against Rome.

Now the new Franco-Yugoslav treaty must be added to those which already link France to Poland, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia. In Rome it is asked: Why has France selected this particular moment to make difficult the relations between Italy and Yugoslavia and to create ill will for Italy with the Government of Belgrade — which, by the way, has never ratified the Convention of Nettuno, a pact that was calculated to join Italy and Yugoslavia in neighborly friendship?

Italy would like to understand why France advances proposals to hasten the rise of Yugoslavia in terms of arms and munitions and to provide funds for such bellicose luxuries. She would also like to know why there is to be found in France such hostility to Italian policy in Albania, a policy that aims at guaranteeing to that country its own ambitions of liberty and development. Why should there be any problem of Franco-Italian relations on the Adriatic — Italy's eastern frontier? And how does the problem arise?

There are no French interests, not even remote ones, in the Adriatic, while those of Italy are the direct results of historical and geographical conditions which touch neither France nor French interests. Italy cannot therefore do other than think that there exists in Paris a real plan of active French policy directed so as to combat Italian interests in this sector of international political activities.

Paris considers the Italo-Albanian pact as one of war and the Franco-Yugoslav treaty as one of peace. To this Rome replies as follows: —

The Franco-Yugoslav treaty can enmesh France in a war against Italy, but the Italo-Albanian pact cannot push Italy into a war against France.

The Paris press has asked the Quai d'Orsay point-blank whether or not the Franco-Yugoslav treaty could oblige France to take arms against Italy. It is noted here that M. Briand in his discourse in the Chamber made no reply to this question.

The Italo-Albanian pacts concern local problems of neighboring countries, but the Franco-Yugoslav treaty binds two Powers, one of whom has no open interest in the Adriatic or the Balkans.

The whole matter can only be interpreted in Italy as a manœuvre of encirclement to choke, in her own natural sphere, the development of Italy's political affairs. This French preoccupation with 'Italy's East' creates a sentiment of antagonism which is definitely felt in Rome.

In the event of an exchange of views between the French and the Italian governments one of the first things demanded by Rome will be that the special position of Italy in the Adriatic in face of the Balkan situation be clearly recognized in Paris.

France is notorious here as the headquarters of the so-called Italian *fuorusciti*, some of whom under the new Fascist laws have lost their Italian citizenship. The fuorusciti openly

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speak, write, agitate, and plot against the régime, which is upheld by the great majority of the Italian people.

In France they say that the nation's Liberal-Democratic legislation does not allow any action to be taken by the French Government against the conduct of the fuorusciti. Rome says that France's argument is a bluff, and in support of this recalls that Italian fuorusciti exist also in other countries that are no less democratic than France, such as Switzerland, Belgium, England, and the United States.

There is much resentment here at the hospitality conceded in France to the fuorusciti. Why is such hospitality given? The answer of Rome is that in France these fuorusciti are in strict collusion with the dominating party, and with Freemasonry and all its influence in the French political world. They find open and invited hospitality in the French press, and hold conferences and public meetings under the auspices of men of the French political groups.

Under such conditions Italy feels that it is beside the point to talk of the rights of asylum to political refugees. This trouble with France is permanent and continuous; in other countries it is incidental. French newspapers with special columns written in Italian, and with Italian-edited journals misrepresenting and insulting the Italian Government day after day, succeed in keeping an unbroken flow of false news and vilification against Italy. And when men who are convicted renegades in Italy are allowed to speak against their native country from the same platform as members of the French Government, an extremely unpleasant situation is created. Italians, rightly or wrongly, are beginning to be convinced that there is, in a measure, in the ruling spheres of French public affairs a confessed intention to interfere with Italian internal questions.

Italy, also, has to think of another and more important category of Italians whose problem in the sister country also awaits solution — emigrant workmen. Before the war the emigrant went overseas, but many, especially from North Italy, passed over into France, looking on their work as more or less temporary. Since the war, however, partly owing to the American quota system, partly owing to the increase in the Italian population, partly owing to the fall of the French birth rate and the need of a large army of land workers for the development of land abandoned for lack of labor, some hundreds of thousands of Italian workmen have settled in France.

Recent French laws are felt in Italy to be framed in such a way that it is altogether too easy to acquire French citizenship, and it is said that, according to a recent decree, sons of an Italian father, but of a French mother, who are born in France are French. In Rome it is emphasized that neither the Italian Government nor people want to interfere in the internal affairs of the Republic, but both Government and people cannot help noticing that this rapid process of denationalization is specially directed against the Italians, who, especially in the South of France, form the great majority of the foreign element.

Without wishing to touch the sovereign rights of a foreign state, Italy maintains that a policy of good will and friendship cannot be based on Draconian laws, which aim at causing Italy in a few years to lose a great number of her sons and to absorb into another country and civilization the children of the emigrants. According to the law whereby the son of an Italian father with a French mother be-

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comes French, in case of war the father would be enrolled in the Italian army and his sons in the French.

Although the mandates question is one that concerns Italy and all her allies of the Great War, it will doubtless be touched on in principle in course of any conversations which may take place between the Italian and French governments if a settlement of all their grievances is to be the goal.

Italy at the peace table received no mandates either in the ex-German colonies or in the Asia of the old Ottoman Empire. Italy has never ceased to protest against this, from the time of the Peace Conference onward, and the question of the mandates was one of Mussolini's first cares on his advent to power, and formed the basis of his conversations at Lausanne with Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré.

The necessity for the Italian people to be able to 'draw deeper breath' is based on two fundamental facts: (*a*) the increasing Italian population, and (*b*) the lack of raw materials, which seriously handicaps her industry. This problem has become a commonplace of political discussion, and has led to many proposals, such as that which suggests that the mandates for Palestine and Mesopotamia be given to Italy; others, again, have spoken of Syria. Without any definition of the exact point toward which the aspirations of Italy converge, it is said in Rome that a solution must be found.

Some accuse Italy of imperialism, but assurance is given that all Italy wants is that the mandate question be solved by peaceful means through the League of Nations. Too often it is asserted that the politics of Rome and the ideals of Geneva are diametrically opposed. It is nicely argued here that if the League fails to take into account the continuously changing relationships of the Powers in the world, then the League does not work for peace, and, by creating a 'block,' herself becomes essentially imperialistic.

The scope of the Covenant, the League's Magna Charta, is the just peace and equilibrium of peoples working gradually toward better conditions. Now, under a system or 'block' that considered Europe as static, the League could wander from its Covenant, and hence could possibly disturb the peaceful development of Europe. Will France, asks Rome, as a war-time ally and as a fellow member of the League, support this Italian point of view?

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OVER A GREEN INFERNO[1]

BY FRANCESCO DE PINEDO

[DE PINEDO, the daring Italian aviator, has just published an account of his remarkable flight from Italy across the South Atlantic to Brazil and Argentina, thence over the Amazon wilderness to North America, and back to his native country after a perilous sea-landing near the Azores, under the title, *Il mio volo attraverso l'Atlantico e le due Americhe.* The book has an introduction by Gabriele d'Annunzio, forty sketches by the author, one hundred and fifty photographic reproductions, and five maps. (Ulrico Hoepli, publisher, Milan, 48 lire.) We print below two picturesque passages from its unusually readable pages.]

I. A GREEN INFERNO

MY motor's steady hum now carried me rapidly toward the boundless expanse of Matto Grosso. At about one hundred kilometres from San Luis de Caceres a magnificent view of the interminable tropical forest of that great Brazilian state unrolled before us.

Conceive an infinite vista, melting into remote horizons, of solid, dense, dark green vegetation so unbroken and impermeable that I had to steer my way across it by the compass, as I did across the sea. The impenetrable jungle that formed an immense verdant dome below us effectively concealed the courses of the rivers, which were visible here and there only as tiny threads of silver emerging at rare intervals, to be lost again almost immediately in the thick fabric of foliage.

There were no clearings or other openings in this tropical forest, so green, so massive, so imposing that it held my gaze with an almost oppressive fascination. It afforded a vivid panorama of the intense struggle for existence. Great trees thrust themselves upward in an effort to outstrip their neighbors and win a place for themselves in the sun, which spelled life for them. At intervals one of these successful forest giants would tower far above the green level of his fellows and lift high in the air at the tips of his Herculean limbs a great bonnet of verdure. In the deeper shadows below lurked a chaos of shrubbery, reedy grasses, and lower-growing plants inextricably entangled with each other. They formed a second stratum of green, while through the thick foliage interwove a network of lianas, creeping plants, and parasitic vines, which clasped colossal tree-trunks with a strangle hold, and at times concealed them entirely under their spiral coils. It was impossible to discover any evidence of a trail or pathway through this trackless wild. Here and there were indentations where some huge tree had fallen and a new generation of luxuriant vegetation had sprung from its decaying trunk. Wherever I caught a momentary glimpse of the soil through the dense vegetation the ground looked damp, black, and muddy, often forming stagnant marshes choked with dead tree-trunks

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *December* 21

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and branches, and covered with scum and fungi.

Whoever tries to penetrate this dense Brazilian jungle, opening a way for himself with the axe or with fire, is overcome at first with a sort of superstitious terror. An inexperienced person loses himself hopelessly after five minutes' struggle with the almost impenetrable vegetation, and is unable to find the trail he left only a moment before. His progress is impeded by a mattress of dead branches hidden under fallen leaves. He steps on a tree-trunk that he imagines to be solid but that crumbles like parchment beneath his weight, precipitating him to his waist in a mass of decaying vegetation. Vines lasso his neck when he bends forward to liberate his entangled feet. So after a short struggle in the hot, miasma-poisoned, steam-saturated atmosphere he finds himself exhausted, bathed in perspiration, and struggling for breath.

On the other hand, the Indian writhes or twists like a serpent among the trees. For him the jungle contains no lianas, no thorny branches, no snares for his feet. The sunlight is his guide. Walking rapidly and noiselessly, he easily picks out ahead points that lie in the line of his destination. No matter how many detours he makes in reaching it, he always arrives ultimately at his goal.

But this dense vegetation is not the only obstacle to a white man's progress. Venomous snakes lie viscid and motionless, threatening him with death at every step. Millions of insects, belonging to thousands of species that have never been classified by scientists, assail him constantly. They leave him no respite, for those that torture him by day are replaced by other varieties at night.

All of these perils and hardships of the jungle had been abundantly impressed upon me before I started on my flight. I naturally reflected on the consequences of a forced landing in this endless ocean of verdure. A green inferno! That is the name the people here give to the forests of Matto Grosso.

With only my compass for a guide, I steered for the city of Matto Grosso on the Guaporé River, planning to follow the course of that stream as far as Guajara Mirim. The weather was calm. On the right we could see a few low hills. In the distance the horizon was obscure. A few minutes later low clouds cut off our view of this panorama. Here and there, however, we could still catch glimpses through breaks in the mist below of the dense, monotonous forest. At rare intervals we passed small stretches of grassy clearing. Our motor hummed steadily above — the first that ever soared across this endless expanse of virgin green.

As we advanced, the clouds below grew denser and broader and completely cut off all view of the ground. Above these the morning sun, still close to the horizon, bombarded us on a level with its tropic rays. I descended to be sure of my route, fearing lest I might miss the Guaporé River in the fog. At length, about two hours after leaving the Paraguay River, I detected through a tiny break in the cloud bank the silvery line of a stream immediately beneath me. A little ahead were the red roofs of several houses. I had picked up the Guaporé and Matto Grosso. Throttling down the motor, we circled over the city twice — the first time its inhabitants had ever seen an airplane. We then continued on our course, following the valley of the Guaporé, but steering most of the time by the compass, because my view of the river itself was cut off by clouds. On the left we could see in the distance the

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mountains of the immense Bolivian plateau rising above the mist. They formed a gray, unbroken wall, banded perpendicularly here and there by immense waterfalls. At length, about 10 A.M., fearing I might lose the Guaporé entirely, I decided to descend below the cloud bank.

My first attempt failed because I found myself on the level of the tree tops. Rising again and proceeding for some distance, I again descended — this time successfully, for as the heat of the tropic day increased the clouds began to lift. Nevertheless, I had to fly at an uncomfortably low altitude. The river kept disappearing from view in great tunnels of foliage, but reappeared at intervals here and there so that I could follow its course. Dry leafless trunks, the corpses of trees, thrust themselves at points through the interminable green. On both sides of the river as far as we could see this carpet of verdure stretched unbroken. As we skimmed along between the silent carpet of green below and the gray ceiling of clouds above a sense of utter loneliness oppressed us. Nature seemed hostile and resentful of our intrusion.

Calculating from the height of the trees on the edge of the river, I estimated that the average height of the forest was about one hundred and fifty feet. Far to the westward a bright line of sunshine was visible between the horizon and the clouds above, flashing like a gigantic scintillating blade of steel.

As the sun rose higher the clouds gradually lifted and we were able to increase our altitude. We were traveling against a light head wind. Toward 11 A.M. we began to pick out little cabins, at long intervals apart, along the bank. Descending, we could see a few naked Indians, standing with their bronze bodies as motionless as statues and watching us in breathless silence. We also met several condors, which forced me to look sharp to my steering to avoid a collision.

When we passed the confluence of the Cabixi and the Guaporé rivers, where I had arranged to have a boat waiting for us with new supplies, nothing was in sight. We congratulated ourselves that we had made sufficient provision to dispense with its assistance. At the junction of the Guaporé and the Mamoré rivers the stream became much broader, and plantations were visible on either bank. The weather grew worse, and we had to dodge two or three small thunderstorms. Signs of human habitation multiplied. A boat was visible here and there. At length, about three o'clock, after some nine hours' continuous flight, we sighted Guajara Mirim.

II. THE BURNING OF THE SANTA MARIA

I started toward Roosevelt Lake to embark, and noticed evidences of excitement among the spectators on the bank. Then I rubbed my eyes, and the blood fairly froze in my veins. The water around the Santa Maria was in flames. The motor boat moored to the left pontoon was also burning. The two pontoons were on fire in front, and the plane was ablaze at the centre and at the stern. I shouted to Del Prete and Zacchetti. At that moment they appeared from the inside of the pontoons, where they were getting ready to start the motor. People rushed up with extinguishers. But it was useless — the fire had already reached the benzine tanks. Two or three dull explosions followed, a black cloud rose in the air, and the plane vanished.

No words can describe my agony of heart. It was as if my own body were burning. The people around stood

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transfixed with consternation. 'Take some photographs,' I shouted. 'Let me have at least a memento of my companion.' But by this time nothing remained of the Santa Maria except a few pieces of charred wood floating on the water.

Adieu, faithful and beloved comrade in adventure, who never once failed me! In a few seconds a cruel and stupid fate has reduced your wings to ashes. Your powerful heart, after conquering oceans and jungles, has ceased to throb forever! Farewell!

I at once tried to learn how the tragedy had happened. The spectators told me that a boy, after lighting a cigarette, had thrown an unextinguished safety match in the water near the plane. I observed that the safety matches in use in this part of the United States do not extinguish readily. The boy had vanished. I took the name of two or three witnesses. Del Prete and Zacchetti, who had been on board, said that they had noticed nothing unusual. While they were refilling the tanks a little gasoline had slopped into the water, because it was not always possible to close the valves the moment the containers were full. While they were adjusting the carburetor preparatory to starting the motor they heard an unusual crackling. Sticking their heads out of the pontoon, they saw the water blazing around the plane, and noticed that the prow of the Santa Maria was already on fire.

It was a heartbreaking disaster, but despite my intense anguish I did not give up. I recalled the poet in the story who had worked for ten years over his masterpiece, only to discover one fine morning that a stupid maid had used the manuscript to start a fire.

Fate!

I had finished the hardest part of my long journey. My motors were running perfectly. The Santa Maria was as good as new; she had not lost a particle of her efficiency. Now all was destroyed beyond recovery, and with it much of the fruit of my labors and sacrifices. I could not now return to Italy in the same plane in which I had departed.

I left the scene of the disaster with death in my heart, but with my decision already made. As I was climbing the stairs to Apache Lodge one of the gentlemen present called to me, 'Courage!'

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A SUBMARINE EXPERIENCE[1]

BY RAFAEL SCHERMANN

[THIS article was published apropos of the S–4 tragedy at Provincetown in America. The author is a famous Vienna handwriting expert and character reader.]

AMONG my visitors in 1916 was a young stranger with an unusually serious expression upon his face. The moment he presented himself I said: 'You are a sailor.' The confidence with which I spoke evidently startled him, for he wore ordinary street clothes and had not exchanged a word with me except a formal greeting. After he had written a few lines I said: 'You have a remarkable capacity for leadership. You are unusually aggressive — in fact, rash. You are one of those men who cut Gordian knots. For example, if your watch stops, you slam it on the table — and it starts going. That is the way you do everything, and by some lucky accident you generally succeed. I am convinced that you possess qualities that will make you an officer. You have faced danger in the past, and your profession will bring you face to face with greater dangers in the future. Sea fighting brings desperate situations. If you ever meet such a crisis, and there seems to be no way out of it, remember what I am now telling you: some extraordinary possibility will flash into your mind, corresponding with your temperament, and you may save yourself and others from great danger.'

My caller protested that my prophecy could not possibly come true. He had seen too little service to get a commission for a long time to come. Age and experience were indispensable in the Navy, even for the most modest promotion. Nevertheless, the confidence with which I spoke seemed to impress him, for when he left he asked me for some little memento that he could carry with him as a reminder of my prediction. So I handed him one of my calling cards, after writing my best wishes for his future success upon the back.

A thousand things intervened in those exciting days to make me forget the incident, until one morning my doorbell rang with unusual violence. I opened it myself, to be greeted by a naval officer in uniform, his breast covered with decorations, who embraced me enthusiastically. It was the same man who had visited me previously in civilian clothing. This is the story he told.

Not long after his return to Pola, which was then an important Austro-Hungarian naval base upon the Adriatic, he was ordered to a submarine. War emergencies brought him rapid promotion, and when his commander fell ill he was designated temporarily to take his place. Almost immediately afterward the submarine was ordered to reconnoitre the Italian coast. The cruise began most prosperously. The submarine quickly established contact with the destroyer Hohenlohe and the cruiser Wien, and its manœuvres, in-

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *December* 23

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cluding submerging, passed off without a hitch.

Then suddenly, about four o'clock that afternoon, the storage batteries gave out. They had to be recharged in all haste at the bay of Porto Rosa. Although this was done with every precaution and the utmost dispatch, the noise attracted the attention of an Italian destroyer cruising in the vicinity. Luckily, however, she turned back without attacking the submarine. The latter immediately made for the open sea and submerged. When at a depth of eighteen metres something again went wrong, and all efforts to bring her to the surface proved fruitless.

From this point on the officer went at great length into technical details, which he illustrated by pencil sketches on a piece of paper. I have forgotten these details, which I never thoroughly understood. All I retained in memory was the purely human side of the incident.

'We had already been submerged going on two days,' continued my caller, 'and had only a short time to live. There was not a man of us who had not given up hope. We had tried everything we could think of in vain. We considered ourselves doomed. So we wrote farewell messages to our friends and loved ones, which we planned to consign to a bottle. While I was writing mine, I was so moved that perspiration gathered on my brow, and I jerked my handkerchief out of my tunic pocket to wipe it away. As I did so I heard something fall on the floor. A cadet who was standing at my side bent over and picked it up. It was my memorandum book, which I hastily thrust back into my pocket. "There's something else on the floor," said the cadet, stooping over again — "a visiting card from that man named Schermann."

'I jumped up as if I had received an electric shock. As I did so I stared sharply at the young cadet, and noticed that his hair was already streaked with gray from the strain of the last few hours. I was instantly convinced that you had prophesied precisely this crisis. The coincidence was perfect. We were in desperate straits, and now was the time for desperate measures. I must rise to the occasion. Confidence replaced despair. I felt a wave of energy and vigor pour over me. At the same time, like a flash of lightning, I knew what to do. Calling the men together, I explained to them the unprecedented step we were about to take. Our submarine, which was of an early American type, was provided with wheels. I decided that we should head under full power directly toward the Italian coast, along the rising sea-bottom. It was a most risky manœuvre. Its success depended upon the character of the bottom and of the coast; for the vessel must not be turned upward at too sharp an angle. These objections at once occurred to my companions. Both officers and men were under intense strain, and some violently objected to my plan. Discipline was breaking down. The chief engineer called my idea crazy. But I was perfectly convinced that it would succeed. There was no time for discussion. The chief engineer resisted so violently that I took a desperate step — I shot him. That restored the crew to obedience. Our compass was defective, and — this is a rather remarkable fact — designed only for use upon the surface. We should have been lost if my first officer had not possessed a marvelous sense of direction. We took the course he indicated. Our rash manœuvre succeeded, and we brought the submarine on her wheels close to San Salvore on the Italian coast. The tremendous pressure upon the ballast-tank valves at eighteen metres' depth was lightened. A glance

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showed us that in our hasty dive after leaving Porto Rosa they had been misadjusted. We soon remedied that, and were able to submerge again without risk. So, after three days' absence, we got home, where we were given a great reception, for we were supposed to be lost.'

My experience will doubtless sound remarkable enough as it stands, but it was rounded out by a coincidence almost equally strange. Six years after this incident occurred I was a guest one evening at the home of Consul-General Stross at Vienna. The conversation drifted to premonitions of danger. Among other anecdotes concerning them my neighbor at the table described how a vague feeling of danger had once prevented him from taking a railway train, and the train had actually been wrecked. That brought to mind my experience with the naval officer, and I related it substantially as I have here. To everybody's surprise one of the gentlemen present jumped up from his chair and, rushing over to me, embraced me, exclaiming that I had saved his life. He proved to be the cadet in the submarine who had picked up my card for the officer. The expression on his commander's face when he caught sight of the card, and the entire change in his manner from that moment, and all that followed, were naturally impressed indelibly on his memory.

I asked the gentleman if he would, at his convenience, jot down some of the details of the incident and send them to me. The very next day I received the following letter: —

'My dear Mr. Schermann: Our remarkable meeting at the home of Consul-General Stross has impressed me deeply. I am naturally only too anxious to comply with your wish to give you the details you mentioned. You may find more than you need in the enclosure. I merely ask you not to make public the names of the officers or other facts that might identify them from the quotation from the log. I feel that I have no right to publish such facts, although we no longer have a navy and I am now in the banking business. You will find enclosed a plan of the submarine, as well as a summary of the log entries. They will doubtless serve your purpose.

'In conclusion I will tell you something that may interest you. Comrade H., whose sudden inspiration saved us, had previously told me of his conversation with you. I laughed at it at the time, and had not the slightest idea your prediction would ever come true. . . .'

The extract from the log is as follows: —

June 24. — Reconnoitring the Italian coast. Ran with normal weather to Venice. Met destroyer Hohenlohe and cruiser Wien. Turn back toward Pola. Submerging manœuvres O. K. At 4 P.M. storage batteries fail. Enter Porto Rosa bay. (Saline east.) Charge the storage batteries. An Italian destroyer attracted by the noise. Depart.

June 25. — Cruising in the open sea. Submerge. Damaged submerging. Unable to rise. H. saves us by running toward San Salvore on the sandy bottom.

June 26. — Release valves. Faultily assembled. Ballast tanks emptied. K.'s remarkable feat in steering us right; compass useless.

June 27. — Reach harbor early in the morning. Great reception. Furlough.

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HOW WOMEN BOLSHEVIKI ARE MANUFACTURED[1]

BY EDITH SELLERS

A LADY was sitting one day in a fashionable tearoom feeding her much-bedecked poodle with little sponge cakes, lavishing on him the while tokens of devoted affection. She dropped the cakes one by one, and he caught each one as it fell — caught it, however, with a languid, half-contemptuous air, as if merely to give his mistress pleasure. The two were evidently playing some game, and in full view of all passers-by; but the dog was much too well fed to play it with zest, and much too warmly clad. For in the tearoom it was hot, although outside in the street it was bitterly cold; and there some half-dozen little urchins were standing with their faces pressed against the window near which the lady and her dog were having their game.

They were but poor little fellows, born C3 unmistakably, and with not much chance of ever being anything but C3, unless a C4 should be formed. They looked half-frozen; their clothes were thin, although not quite so thin as their wearers; for about all their wearers there was, more or less, that something which always betokens short commons. And as they stood there, watching the poodle in his furs toying with his biscuits, there was an oddly envious gleam in their bright, eager eyes. Not one among them, it was easy to see, but would have given his right hand gladly to exchange places with the dog and be a poodle instead of a boy.

The lady was much too busy fondling her pet dog even to glance at the children as she passed them on her way to her car; and she would no doubt have been unfeignedly surprised, as well as indignant, had she been told that she had, as the faces of some of the passers-by proved, just done a good stroke of work for the Soviet cause — had given a helping hand, in fact, to the manufacturing of Bolsheviki, had given it through sheer heedlessness. Probably it never even occurred to her that the sight of a poodle being pampered and petted, while little children are standing by uncared for and starving, is the very sort of thing that makes converts for the Bolsheviki — makes more converts for them among women, indeed, than the preaching of all Lenin's disciples combined. And it is precisely among women, we must not forget, that the Muscovite dictators are most anxious to make converts. For they are now alive to the fact that, until women are converted, there is but little hope of converting the children; and it is on the children that the fate of their cause, as of all other causes, depends.

Curiously enough, the little-dog cult that is now rendering such good service to the Bolsheviki is essentially a latter-day phenomenon. Even twenty-five years ago no one dreamed of installing poodles in the place of children as chief objects of devotion — so at least an Englishwoman who returned home a few months ago, after a long sojourn

[1] From *Nineteenth Century and After* (London Conservative monthly), *December*

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abroad, maintains. She was as surprised as she was shocked, she says, at a little scene she witnessed the very day of her arrival in England.

She was in a railway carriage with four elderly ladies, when a mother and her two little girls got in. The children were most attractive, quite charmingly pretty; none the less, as she remarked, not one of the four gave them even a glance, not one took any more notice of them than if they had been little paving stones. A moment later another lady appeared at the carriage door, and then all the four were at once in a flutter of excitement; for she had in her arms a little dog, a real Pekingese, and from the moment they caught sight of him they practically prostrated themselves before him; they had neither eyes nor ears for anything else. They patted him, stroked him, made much of him, showered down on him loving epithets. Evidently he was to them something infinitely precious: had he been their nearest and dearest relative, indeed, they could hardly have been more lavish with their demonstrations of affection. And when his owner, having reached her destination, left the carriage, taking him with her, of course, one of them cried after him fervently, 'God bless you, you little darling!'

The returned traveler, who, thanks perhaps to her long sojourn abroad, had old-fashioned notions as to what is seemly, rubbed her eyes in amazement. Could those four ladies be English, she wondered. If they were, an odd change must have come over the English nation during the years she had been abroad. For when she left England no sane Englishwoman, she was sure, would ever have dreamed of putting a dog on a pedestal and adoring him, much less of calling down a blessing upon him. She was sorely puzzled, and more puzzled still when she learned, from advertisements in the *Times*, that there were not only such things as nursing homes for dogs, and homes to which dogs may be sent for trimming, shampooing, pedicure, and so forth, but training homes too, where dogs are made 'comfortable and happy' while being taught how to demean themselves as 'affectionate companions.' Things must be quite oddly out of joint, she began to think, for those homes had no lack of paying guests, she found, although the terms seemed to her very high; and at that time there was, as she knew, none too much money in England — all classes alike were complaining.

Before long she went to stay in a health resort, one to which the wealthy betake themselves gladly, one in which dog worship is rampant and little dogs abound. They were never from under her feet. The late Sir John Kirk used to say of that town that its Poor Law problem would be solved, so far as children are concerned, if only every lady who lives there could be persuaded to banish her dogs and install in their place a little child. Unfortunately for the ratepayers, however, although not, perhaps, for the children, nothing short of the sight of a guillotine, or at any rate the sound of the wheels of a guillotine cart, would ever induce most of those ladies to part with their dogs.

In that town there are districts where there is a dearth of children — a child is quite a rarity there; districts, too, where children are as plentiful as rabbits on moors. And as the returned traveler wandered about from district to district she saw what she had never seen before — little dogs being trailed in luxurious perambulators and little children trudging along barefoot or being carried by weary elder sisters hardly bigger than themselves. She saw poodles in costly array with trinkets around their necks and boys and girls in threadbare clothes, all

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tattered and torn sometimes. And, as she soon discovered, every day the dogs had regular meals, dainty food — she saw it being bought; daintily served, too; whereas it was only on red-letter days that some of the children had a good meal; on most days they must depend on scraps for their dinner, or perhaps even on bread and jam.

As time passed she became not so much puzzled as sorely distressed by what she saw and heard; for, let her try as she would, she could not shut her eyes to the fact that it betokened decadence, and with it danger ahead for England. All that petting and pampering of dogs, treating them as things better than children, of more value in the world, more worthy of care and affection, must inevitably — or so it seemed to her — excite the envious indignation of the poverty-stricken, set their nerves a-jangling, turn them into Ishmaelites, in fact, and thus make for Bolshevism, Communism, and all the other 'isms' that go to fan the flames of disorder. And in that she was right — so far, at any rate, as poverty-stricken mothers are concerned.

Many a poor mother sees without animosity — nay, with a certain pleasure — other folk's children in beautiful clothes; just as she sees gorgeous royal processions with real enjoyment, and seems even to take a personal pride in them. Why, there are women — not very many, perhaps, nowadays — who can tramp about the countryside with their children at their heels, seeking vainly for a room, without an Ishmaelitish thought ever entering their minds; or who can see coal by the truck-load being carried into other folk's houses while they themselves cannot obtain even a bag. But, odd as it may appear, when it comes to seeing dogs going about in luxurious carriages, disporting themselves in finery, it is quite otherwise. That is to some of them as a red flag to a bull; they look upon it as something humiliating to themselves, degrading to their children. I very much doubt whether even the most patient of good mothers ever sees, without resentment, dogs reveling in luxuries, fed on the best, while her own children are lacking shoes, perhaps even bread. To many a poor mother, indeed, the mere thought of dogs faring better than her children fare, being more cared for, held in higher esteem, is enough to 'fair upset' her, as she would say; and when once she is 'fair upset' the chances are she is prepared to welcome any change, because sure that for her and hers no change could be for the worse. And that is undoubtedly a dangerous feeling, one fraught with peril, not only for her and her children, but for England. It is the very stuff, indeed, out of which Bolsheviki are most easily manufactured — the very stuff, therefore, that those whose aim is to manufacture Bolsheviki strive most zealously to cultivate. And of the many and diverse tools they have wherewith to do their work, little dogs are, for the time being, the most useful.

In England very few women are born Bolsheviki. What women Bolsheviki we have among us have, for the most part, been manufactured. By nature, indeed, the great majority of working-class Englishwomen are staunchly anti-Bolshevist — at any rate, when once their young days are past. Of that proof may be had, even in Hyde Park, any Sunday evening by watching the faces of the women who stand around the platform on which some Red orator holds forth, and listening to the comments they make. It is, as a rule, only the young among them who show any very keen interest in what is being said; while as for the older women, some seem indignant, others amused, others again — and they are the majority — bored or worried, especially if their

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husbands are with them and take to applauding. Bolshevist orators preach Communism, we must not forget, and the average working-class Englishwoman has no sympathy at all with anything that even smacks of Communism. So long as she has a roof over her head, a bed to sleep in, a few kettles and pans, even a hint that she might be called upon to share her possessions with her thriftless, possessionless neighbors would at once set her ablaze with wrathful indignation. If she is one of the lucky few and has a cottage of her own, or a few pounds in the War Loan or some savings bank, she would fight to the death rather than let what she has be thrown into any common stock, in which she would have to go share and share alike with all comers.

Moreover, if she has a husband and children, she is fairly sure to be dead, not only against Communism, but also against the whole Bolshevist system; of its moral, or immoral, code she has a perfect horror. If she is of a religious frame of mind, indeed, she dubs it 'devilish.' For, let the Soviet's agents argue as they will, she is firmly convinced that, under Bolshevist rule, were it in force here, the State would be able to take possession of her children and do with them what it would; while as for her husband, he would be free to turn her adrift any day, and install in her place some slip of a girl. Why, even to think of such a state of things is enough, she declares, to drive any decent woman 'stark mad.' And she, the average working-class woman, whether she has a husband and children or not, is an eminently decent woman, it must be remembered, kindly and law-abiding by instinct, sound to the core. There is not much danger, therefore, that she will ever become either a Communist or a Bolshevik, unless, indeed, something should happen that 'fair upsets' her, makes her feel that she, or those near to her, are being unjustly treated, degraded, deprived of what is due to them — unless, in fact, she should chance to see her children looking at dogs with envious eyes, or something of the sort.

While born Bolshevist women — that is, Ishmaelites with their hand instinctively against everything that is — are comparatively rare in England, of the manufactured there are already enough and to spare; and there will be more and more, year by year, so long as the manufacturing of them goes on. Quite a fair number who are real Bolsheviki would be scandalized were they told that they were, and would deny the fact wrathfully; quite a fair number, too, who proclaim from the very housetops that they are Bolsheviki are law-abiding at heart, so far at least as an outsider can judge. Real and unreal alike, they have almost all been manufactured — many, of course, by the hard kicks the Fates have given them, many more by the heedlessness of those more happily placed than themselves, and some by their own perversity combined with their lack of any sense of humor. Among the women Bolsheviki whom I have known, two embraced the Ishmaelite creed because, in spite of all their efforts to escape, they were compelled to pay supertax; a third, a small farmer, because during the war some government official prevented her from doing what she wished to do with her own bit of land; and a fourth, a sturdy young female, because a conscientious panel doctor refused to certify her as a consumptive!

Those are, of course, exceptional cases. Still the great majority of Englishwomen who are Bolsheviki are Bolsheviki for no reason that has anything to do either with principles or theories, but simply because they have been 'fair upset'; they have suffered what they regard as wrong, or have

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seen their children suffer wrong. So it is, at any rate, with the older women. Some of them have been robbed of their savings and forced to betake themselves to the 'House,' or have had to wander about without shelter because children are looked on askance by landlords; or, worst of all, perhaps, because, while facing the grim wolf at close quarters, they have come across a dog being overfed. Even the young who join the 'Reds' join, as a rule, because they have been 'upset.' They have had to scrub floors, perhaps, when they would fain have been dancing, to wear cotton gowns when they longed to wear silk. For the latter-day young have a great love of pleasure, of finery too, and it cuts them to the quick to see others going off to balls in smart clothes. Little wonder, therefore, that the Bolshevist creed attracts them; or that they listen eagerly to those who tell them that, when Bolshevism is the order of the day here, it is they who will wear smart clothes and go to balls, while those who wear them now will be in cottons and scrub floors. And the majority of English Bolsheviki are young — a fact that it behooves us to bear well in mind, now that girls of twenty-one will soon have a voice in deciding England's foreign and domestic policy.

Even the Bolshevist women who are not young are, as a rule, fairly young — young enough to have been changed, some for the better, others for the worse, by the Great War. And most of them are either spinsters or widows — widows with children more often than not. Some are wealthy; others are poor. Some have never done a stroke of work in their lives; others have never done anything but work. They belong, of course, to the most diverse classes, although, so far as an outsider can judge, for every one that belongs to any other class two at least belong to the lower middle class — the shabby-genteel class, as it used to be called; the extremists' class it might be called now; for in it are die-hards of every hue, from the most dazzling white to the reddest of reds. Marthas and Marys live there side by side with Louise Michels, and perhaps even embryo Charlotte Cordays. Some of the very best women I have ever known, the most unselfish, tender-hearted, peace-loving, and loyal, belong to that class. None the less, it is the very class in which most women Bolsheviki are to be found; with good reason, too. And whereas in other classes some of those who are Bolsheviki were born Bolsheviki, in that class it is otherwise: there the women who are Bolsheviki have all been manufactured. There may be exceptions, of course, but so far I have never yet met with one.

Life in the lower middle class is to-day much harder than in any other class; there is more misery there than in all the other classes put together, especially among women. For many of them, indeed, life is one long struggle to make both ends meet — an almost hopeless struggle for such of them as have children. They have many of them seen better days, have known what it is to live in comfort, and their lot is the hardest of all. For even the middle-aged among them have, as a rule, never been taught how to earn a living, never been taught anything much beyond making life pleasant for their menfolk. Thus they are heavily handicapped when the time comes — and it may come quite suddenly — that they must enter the labor market. The result is, of course, that the average woman of that class is much poorer than the average working-class woman. Many a woman clerk, music teacher, lady's companion, or dressmaker on her own earns much less than a cook or

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even a charwoman. And, while cooks and charwomen can always find work, givers of lessons, companions, and all of their kind, may be left without employment for months at a time — without doles, too; and, more often than not, as they are rarely insured, without any hope of allowances for their children, or pensions for themselves, at least until they are seventy, when the chances are they will be in their graves. And from year to year it is becoming harder and harder for them to find work, for what used to be regarded as their own special preserves are now being invaded both from above and from below. Many who before the war belonged to the leisured class are now in the lower middle class; and so are many who were then in the working class; and every newcomer, whether from above or below, makes the finding of work more difficult.

Then not only must the average lower-middle-class woman struggle to make every penny she has do the work of many pennies, but she must keep up appearances the while; and that is at best a heartbreaking business. She must live in a fairly good district, no matter how poor she may be; she must have decent shoes, decent clothes, and wear gloves, even though the buying of a pair of gloves may mean going without a dinner. In no other class is the average woman so habitually underfed, badly fed, as in the lower middle class — a fact that in itself goes far toward explaining why the manufacturing of women Bolsheviki is carried on so much more productively in that class than in any other.

The underfed, as all the world now knows, are much more sensitive than the well-fed; it is but natural that they should be. They feel wrongs, and even slights, more keenly than folk who have square meals every day; and they are more prone to brood on them, to borrow sorrow, as it were, lose heart, and with it hope. And when once a woman has lost heart and hope, she is apt to lose self-control, to wax resentful, and harbor the thought that something is wrong somewhere, something that ought to be righted, that must be righted, if life for her and hers is ever to be worth living. Then, something or other 'fair upsets' her, something that may seem to others the merest trifle, and the result is almost a foregone conclusion. The firm conviction starts rankling in her mind that the only way wrong can be righted is the old 'wild wrong way' — the Bolsheviki's way, in fact. Whether she joins the 'Reds' or not, she is a 'Red' at heart; her children, too, if children she has, will before long be 'Reds'; and England will be the poorer.

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A GLIMPSE OF A CHEMICAL METROPOLIS

INDUSTRY'S DAWNING ERA

A LABORER IN LEUNA [1]

HEAVY fog blankets the plains of Central Germany. It lies unbroken from Halle to Naumburg, Zeitz, and beyond that to Leipzig. When the wind rises it rolls up the fog into blackish-yellow balls of smoke and mist, and Leuna comes in sight. Thirteen peculiar slender funnels thrust themselves thornlike toward the gray heavens. Stretched out beneath them, like a giant iron worm in the daytime, and like a long ribbon of sparkling, twinkling, glowing lights and flashes at night, lie the Works.

It is no easy matter to become a part of this vast establishment. The gateman, to whom I first applied for a job, smiled skeptically and told me to come back again. The shop superintendent, — a doctor or an engineer, or something of that sort, — to whom I was taken the next day, and whom the uniformed gateman saluted in strict military fashion, looked even more skeptical. Finally, however, it was agreed to give me a trial. After that I had to pass a long examination, to tell all the previous places I had been employed, whether I had served in the army, and whether I was a member of a union. There was also a roundabout inquiry as to my political opinions. A two days' wait followed. On the third day I was notified that I was accepted. They photographed me and gave me a green identification card, and made me read and sign a long series of shop regulations. At last, on the fifth day after I had made my application, I was ready to begin work.

Meanwhile I had canvassed Neurössen, the regular village for the employees, for lodgings without result. I was equally unsuccessful in the other little industrial settlements of the neighborhood. Every house was overcrowded. The merest hovels were packed with tenants. The first cottage where I applied sheltered, in addition to a man and wife, nine children, the illegitimate children of the oldest daughter, and an old, decrepit grandfather. The family had two day boarders in addition. At the next house conditions were even worse — two large families and three day boarders, with bunks in tiers, and some sleeping on the floor. That was the situation everywhere — at Merseburg, Halle, Corbetha, Lauchstadt. Not until I got beyond Weissenfels was I able to find board and room.

I was awakened at four o'clock in the morning, drank my coffee in a cold, unheated kitchen, filled a bottle with it, grabbed my cap from the hook, and rushed away. After hurrying through the village and across meadows and fields by the edge of a forest, I crossed a piece of woods to a highway. Three or four of us night wanderers thus stumbled and groped through the darkness every morning, never speaking, each intent solely on reaching the railway station on time.

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *December* 4

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The trains were dark and unheated. The occupants — mostly men — sat snoring with their heads thrown back. Their faces had a sunken, yellow look. Since it took them from two to three hours to get to the Works and as long to return again at night, in addition to their nine or ten hours' regular labor, they naturally looked old and weary. Newcomers crowded in at each subsequent station until the aisles were packed. I saw men sleeping soundly standing up. Most of them had haggard faces, with projecting cheek bones and drooping, half-open mouths. In the gray dawn a few tried to read. The pale morning light made their faces look livid and chalky.

Some thirty thousand men — for the Leuna Works employ forty thousand, if we include the construction gangs — were dumped by such trains as this on the long platform. During the latter part of the journey workers hung, clustered like grapes, upon the running boards. As soon as the train stopped, everyone started at a trot for the gangways leading to the narrow gates admitting the employees to the grounds. We passed in one by one, every man inspected. Each must show his employment card to the gateman. From time to time someone was picked out of the line and handed over to a special inspector. Possibly an agitatory pamphlet had been found in his possession, the *Leuna-proleten*. Of the men thus pulled out of the lines, every fourth or fifth was ordered into a dressing-room. 'Hands up!' The inspector's skilled fingers glided quickly over the suspect's body; he must empty his pockets, and if there was anything suspicious must disrobe. Except at the Leuna Works and the works at Leverkusen and Oppau, only the Kafirs in the South African diamond mines are, so far as I know, subjected to this indignity.

After passing my first inspection and punching a time clock, I was directed to a huge underground chamber beneath the generators. Above us towered the delicate metal framework of the gas works, looking as if it had been cut out with a jig saw. I found myself gazing up at a great airy steel construction, branching and interweaving in a huge labyrinth of metal. Within stood a long vista of lofty, slender generators, resembling a rank of giants on parade.

In our great cavelike cellar where we worked, however, I saw little of all this. I was assigned to a gang of 'slag men,' or mud-pullers. Above us the air hissed through the coke-filled generators, for this was the initial process in ammonia production. From time to time great torrents of glowing coke descended into huge rectangular chests, which we quickly pulled out of the way to let the hot ashes that followed fall into little carts. These carts we hurriedly shoved forward under a spout of water, where they were seized by another gang and hustled away down a tiny track. It was exhausting labor. The temperature was intense, and the air was thick with a strangling cloud of ashes and steam. We could not remove our jackets, because hot, sticky oil, great flakes of sooty dirt, and fragments of burning coke kept constantly falling upon us from above. In a few minutes we were gray, and a little later as black as Ethiopians.

I was promoted from the mud-pullers' to the transport gang. This speedy transfer was due to my collapsing twice during my first shift and having to be dragged out of the way by my fellow workers. My new job was exceedingly dangerous. The whole plant is cut up by a gridiron of streets numbered one to eleven from north to south, and A to J from east to west. All of these streets

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have tracks of different gauges; in some cases six of them run side by side. We were divided into gangs consisting of a foreman and three men, each of which handled a line of push cars. Our gang got an order, 'Deliver one boiler from the warehouse to structure 900.' Since we were paid a piecework rate, we would hurry off to get the job done as soon as possible. But we had strict orders to sidetrack whenever a train approached — and that happens every minute or two at Leuna. So if we were to earn a living wage we must rush to the limit of our strength. If we did not sidetrack promptly and delayed the train, we were fined. Unless we postponed sidetracking until the last moment, on the other hand, we lost time. If an accident occurred — and accidents had been increasing at Leuna — our loss was still greater. Consequently we labored under extreme pressure. Indeed, the physical and nervous strain combined were so great that all of us used to lay off on sick leave forty-eight hours every week or two, even at the cost of losing our pay.

This transport-gang work, therefore, was not much better than mud-pulling, except that it afforded me a chance to see the whole establishment. I became fairly familiar with the great spectral structure for liquefying coal — familiar, I should say, in a layman's sense, for the inextricable tangle of iron, stone, wood, and cement, of hundreds of hissing steam pipes, of gigantic retorts, of little flues, was utterly incomprehensible. Furthermore, we always hurried past the thing as quickly as possible, for the odors, the hissing, the queer whistling sounds, and the acid blasts that enveloped the place suggested that it might blow up at any moment.

Behind it stretched great, long, black coke dumps, looking like whale-backs in the steamy distance; thick, dumpy, tublike hot-air ovens; compressors; elevator bins; gasoline purifiers; fantastic, interconnected retorts; hot-water apparatus; filter presses; absorption chambers; huge gasometers of five thousand cubic metres capacity; gypsum mills; besides innumerable pipes, conduits, and siphons — pipes for gas, for water, for steam, for brine, for acids, for hot air, and for compressed air. All these hissed, roared, and grumbled, and continually shot forth jets of green, yellow, violet, and white steam and flames.

One of my comrades explained to me as well as he could what was going on through this jungle of pipes and some nine hundred interjoined structures of various kinds. The generators are not the very beginning. They are preceded by the water works and the fans which draw in the air. In the generators the water and air, which are the raw materials, are brought into contact with incandescent coke to separate hydrogen and nitrogen. From the generators these two gases are pumped by various devices through washing towers to what is called the contact-hydrogen department — a great hall-like construction of pipes, dripping towers, and pumps, operating so quietly that the place is as still as a churchyard. From the contact-hydrogen plant the material passes through the contact furnaces to the high-pressure furnaces, where it is finally united by a continuous process under incredible pressure. From these last furnaces it passes to the absorption works, where jets of water are injected into the ammoniacal gas mixture, forming the final product, the ammonia water of commerce. Part of this water is at once loaded into tank cars and leaves the plant. The remainder is mixed with gypsum and sulphuric acid, and after various journeyings comes

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out of the evaporator as fertilizer.

After working two weeks as a transport man, I was made an assistant in this evaporating department. This occupies a three-story building of stone and steel. The third story is filled with valves, whistling steam cocks, and little tubs. In the centre is an iron boiler eighteen feet high and nine feet broad, which gives the name to the whole establishment — the evaporator. In this boiler the material is boiled down. One can watch the operation through a glass window. When the substance begins to crystallize, the head boiler rings a bell, empties the kettle, and the contents pour down to the next floor below. There they are received in great rocking tanks, looking like huge bathtubs, which are kept in constant motion to prevent their charges from forming a solid mass. After the material has been thus thoroughly shaken up into small particles, it falls again to the floor below, where it is delivered into centrifugals which complete the drying process. A third bell-signal, and the finished ammonia salts fall into the cellar upon a band conveyor, which carries them to an elevator, where they are lifted to a higher level and delivered into little automatic cars. These in turn weigh them and convey them to the storage bins, from which they are delivered into railway cars. The whole process from pumping in the air at the beginning to discharging the finished salts into the bins lasts about two hours. Twenty-two thousand railway cars, each holding fifteen tons, are necessary to carry away one year's output.

I was employed in the evaporating house seventeen days, during which period I was fined several times for violating the regulations. These penalties are a subject in themselves. The Leuna Works have their own police force, as I indicated when I described my first arrival. These private police not only guard the gates, but constantly patrol the whole establishment. I admit that this is necessary in a great chemical plant. Safety requires a careful inspection of the apparatus and more or less special oversight of the men three or four times daily. My offense, however, was committed when I was cleaning up.

A word of explanation as to this. All our great industrial establishments to-day are rationalized. That means that every employee has his particular duty, which cannot be neglected for a moment without throwing the whole process of production out of gear. Even a minute's intermission in the performance of this mechanized duty is therefore subject to punishment. So a man is fined for stopping to converse with a fellow workman, or for washing his hands during working hours, or for standing idle. These fines are rather high — two or three marks, equivalent to the loss of two or three hours' work. But my duties required me, in my own opinion, to wash my hands several times a day. So I was fined not only once but repeatedly, the penalty increasing for each repetition of the offense.

This eventually led to my being demoted to a rust-scraper. I was assigned to the painters' gang, which was working in the vicinity of structures 273, 274, and 275. This was territory marked DANGEROUS. It was completely barred off from the rest of the establishment, and signs with the death's head were stuck up everywhere, reading: 'Caution. Red steam is fatal!' 'Caution. Brown vapors are dangerous!' 'Caution. Green vapors are deadly!'

In spite of these precautions, men were frequently gassed. Every few days the whole staff would be driven

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out of a building pell-mell. But the gas was generally quicker than the men. Symptoms of poisoning are peculiar. They start with a headache and a vague feeling of discomfort. If the victim is taken immediately to the hospital, which the employees call 'the coffin,' from its peculiar form, he generally feels well in the evening and imagines he has quite recovered. But by the next morning the poison reasserts itself and he is unable to leave his bed.

Even we who were working in the vicinity, but not in the buildings themselves, suffered from gas fumes. Notwithstanding all the management has done to increase the height of the funnels and exhaust pipes, in order that poisonous gases may be expelled at a great altitude, every down draft endangers the personnel. Whenever the wind was wrong everybody about the Works suffered from headache or some other physical discomfort.

I frankly admit that I found the strain too much for me. Rust-scraping — cleaning a square yard of iron and painting it over again in three minutes — was worse than working in the ammonia factory. I stayed around a few days longer, however, in order to get a still better impression of the layout of the plant, its railway connections, its warehouses, and the like. The great freight yards at Berlin seem provincial compared with the vast trackage facilities at Leuna. Every few minutes long trains rumbled in laden with lignite from the Company's mines, with gypsum from the Harz Mountains, — although they are prospecting for a nearer supply, — or with Rhenish-Westphalian coke. The men were also an interesting study — yellow, exhausted fellows who spend half their lives at a gallop. It is no advantage to live near the Works, for they poison the whole country around them. This unwholesome environment affects particularly the children, who look anæmic and seem to be afflicted with boils. In fact, the whole district labors under the incubus of this still perilous and body-wrecking industry.

When I bade the place farewell I did not go alone, for upon boarding my train at Naumburg I found the cars packed with Leuna workers who had quit their jobs, hoping to find something better in the Ruhr or along the Rhine.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD GIANT[2]

ARE our stockjobbers crazy in valuing the assets of our Chemical Trust at billions of marks? Have they dazzled themselves with a South Sea bubble, conjuring limitless wealth out of nothing? To answer this question one should visit Leuna. He should walk along its kilometres of streets. He should listen there to the conversation of practical chemists and engineers discussing their daily work. And above all, he should use his eyes. If he does this he will discover that even the big talk of the Stock Exchange fails to measure up to the fantastic reality of this great undertaking.

I must not be misunderstood, however, when I say 'use his eyes.' All a layman sees is an inextricable tangle of pipes leading from factory to factory and from story to story. He will hear a tremendous roar where the most important raw material which the Works employ — air — is drawn in under powerful pressure. He will be taken to boiler houses where a temperature of 800° Centigrade can be detected through the thickest walls. He will be led to the top of a huge elevator whence he will behold a veritable snowy landscape, consisting of mountains of

[2] By Dr. Richard Lewisohn, in *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *December* 18

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nitrogen salts, white crystals piled up in roller-coaster contours. His guide will say, with a sweep of the arm, 'More than three million dollars' worth of artificial fertilizers.' Last year's output was half a million tons of nitrates. Next year it will be seven hundred thousand tons — almost equal to our total imports from Chile before the war.

The visitor is next taken to another great factory, where he again faces a bewildering labyrinth of pipes. Were it not for a set of show cases with a display of coal products inside, he would never suspect that he was gazing at the apparatus for making synthetic gasoline by combining hydrogen and carbon — or, as the man on the street calls it, liquefying coal. It is about a year since the process was transferred from the laboratory to the factory. Therefore it is still in a more or less tentative stage of development. Nevertheless, the present output is fifteen hundred tons a month. Next year, when the whole plant is ready for operation, it will reach a minimum of ten thousand tons a month. I saw crystal-clear gasoline flowing from a spigot in the wall screening the apparatus just as plainly as I saw it flowing from the spigots of the Nobel Petroleum Refinery at Baku a year ago. I am told that it is identical with the gasoline obtained from natural petroleum by the cracking process.

You ask the price? Costs of production are not yet as definitely determined as they are in case of artificial nitrates, where the synthetic salts can be made for two thirds the cost of natural saltpetre imported from Chile. The engineers I asked at Leuna told me that the ability of synthetic gasoline to compete with the natural product will depend partly on the saving in freight and, as time goes on, on the declining output of the world's oil wells. Will there be, then, a period of desperate competition between chemical and natural gasoline? The Trust evidently does not intend to invite such a conflict. Already the two greatest petroleum powers in the world, Standard Oil and Shells, have been taken into partnership. If production increases very rapidly, as the Leuna people anticipate, the new gasoline will be pushed into the market through the distributing agencies of these great foreign companies. The public already knows that the Chemical Trust and Standard Oil have jointly bought the patents for the Bergius Process. It looks at present, however, as if that method of manufacture will have to give way to the catalysis process, which Leuna has now definitely adopted.

Only a step separates the manufacture of synthetic nitrates and synthetic gasoline from the production of synthetic sulphur. The management plans thus to convert a troublesome by-product into a valuable chemical, in quantities that will not only supply the domestic market but will also provide a surplus for export. We are thus creating in the heart of one of the most barren provinces of Saxony a little Sicily as well as a little Chile of our own.

The marvel of this industry lies not only in its technical achievements, but also in the rapidity of its development. Not until 1917 were the first nitrate works erected at Leuna, on the model of the Oppau Works near Ludwigshafen. They literally sprang up overnight. It was no accident that placed the new war industry on its present site. Coal was cheap, and lignite, which cannot be employed economically far from the mines unless labor is abundant enough to convert it cheaply into briquettes, was a drug on the market. The plan here, however, was to use lignite as it comes from the mines,

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just as it was already used in the Rhineland and Central Germany to generate electricity. Nevertheless, vast quantities of coal were also needed. The Leuna Works now consume sixteen thousand tons a day. It costs almost nothing to deliver this at the Works. Consequently the site chosen was an ideal one. Raw materials lay within hand's reach.

Another problem remained to be solved, however — that of labor supply. During the war workers could be brought from a distance and temporarily housed in barracks. In fact, the latter were retained for a time after hostilities ended, until they created a serious social problem. It was no mere coincidence that during the revolutionary agitation of 1921 the very focus of Red revolt was in Central Germany. When the management recovered possession of the Works, which were for some time in the hands of the Communists,[3] their first act, therefore, was to level the barracks to the ground. But that only created another problem. Model tenements have been built for the employees, but rather too close to the plant for comfort. Moreover, they cannot be provided fast enough to house the rapidly increasing number of workers. Of the two thousand cottages already erected, more than half are occupied by office assistants and superintendents, and the remainder shelter only six or seven per cent of the twenty thousand wage-earners permanently on the pay rolls.

This means that nine out of ten of the ordinary workers have to travel an excessively long distance to their place of employment. Four thousand live in Halle, seven thousand in Merseburg and Weissenfels, or between those cities and the Works. They are the lucky ones, for they need spend only half or three quarters of an hour on the train. But five or six thousand are forced to live fourteen or fifteen miles or more from Leuna, and nearly one third reside more than twice that distance away. Including their nine-hour shift, the latter must spend from fifteen to sixteen hours out of twenty-four at the plant or on crowded and uncomfortable workers' trains.

As partial compensation for this the Company is proceeding as fast as possible with an ambitious housing scheme. Wages are relatively high. Playgrounds, hospitals, and other welfare institutions, are provided on a generous scale, but for reasons just indicated only part of the force can profit by them. The work itself, while lighter and pleasanter than in many other occupations, has its drawbacks. Notwithstanding forced ventilation, the air in the buildings where ammonia is made almost strangles a newcomer. It must be a tremendous strain on men to labor day after day near the huge furnaces. Existing statistics hardly give a fair idea of health conditions, since figures coming exclusively from company doctors are apt to be too reassuring. One young surgeon boasted to me that Leuna had no industrial diseases, but this statement can hardly be accepted until we have a competent outside investigation of conditions. To the credit of the Company, however, serious accidents are rare.

We are forced to tolerate temporarily some of the evil conditions attending modern technical progress; otherwise we should have to sacrifice that progress itself. This is true at Leuna.

[3] 'Following the Red Revolters,' in *Living Age*, May 14, 1921, pp. 379–384

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THE MARKETS OF DAMASCUS[1]

BY MYRIAM HARRY

We enter the bazaar quarter by the Street of the Saddlers, but the crowning masterpieces of Arabian craftsmanship no longer glisten along its vaulted way. A few plumed rider's bonnets, a few mirror-set harness decorations to dazzle the eyes in the resplendent sun, and an occasional breastplate with long flame-colored tassels to dance across the gray monotony of the desert, complete the list. For the most part, however, we see nothing but suitcases, portfolios, leggings, shoulder straps, and thousands of cartridge belts ornamented with silver filigree, silk embroidery, and copper studs. Here, too, are exquisitely decorated revolver holsters. In fact, we find all the warlike equipment of a nation that has lost its old romantic flair, that has forfeited its old faith in the pleasant things of life, and drives headlong toward progress through powder smoke and a vain parade of arms.

Happily, the Street of the Slipper Merchants, which clings closely to the old traditions, affords a complete contrast to these innovations. This delightful, unpaved thoroughfare, planted with groups of poplar trees, borders a footbridge across the Abana, upon which its tiny shops open. The refreshing verdure and the gurgling lilt of the stream seem to have preserved among the cobblers a love for ancient custom. These still cut, directly from the outline of their customer's foot upon their home-tanned leather, peak-toed shoes that differ not a whit from those worn in the days when Sultan Nureddin erected at the end of this bridge the outwork still called Paradise Gate, because it leads to the entrancing gardens of Damascus.

To be sure, the Shoemakers' Street continues for a great distance, with many a twist and turn, inside the vaulted labyrinth of haggling traders, but this portion contains only modern merchandise: aviators' boots, American shoes, patent-leather pumps, footgear of every shape and color — enough to deform the feet of all Syria, and indeed all the desert population. It is a busy street, for in the Near East Western civilization begins with the feet. These tent-dwelling shoppers, however, shrink from entering the booths, and try on their purchases in the street. We were highly amused to see a fellow from Nejd put his sandals on his head, so that they would not be stolen, while he thrust his bare foot into a brightly polished shoe. Before purchasing modern footgear, however, some of the Bedouins hasten to buy from a Jewish peddler a pair of red, green, or violet socks, which they proudly allow to roll down over their ankles like cuffs, so as to show beneath their silken robes.

A loud hubbub, a perfect pandemonium of excited shouts and clinking coins, announces the Street of the Money Changers and the Merchandise Exchange, where men are weighing gold *osmanlis*, ringing *medjidiehs* to see if they are genuine, and auctioning off a consignment of German pianos. A

[1] From *Le Temps* (semiofficial opportunist daily), *November* 20

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well-dressed money broker, spinning around like a whirling dervish, shouts the current quotation of the franc, jots down orders, and changes bills, performing each operation with such a wealth of dramatic gesture that you expect him every moment to begin the dance of gold. A little farther along, in the street where shrouds are sold, another dervishlike figure, but pale and emaciated, with his head drooping like a flower under his tall yellow bonnet, measures off cloth with his arms, in a pose that suggests a crucifixion.

'All the merchants here are on the verge of bankruptcy,' Ali Bey says to me. 'In the old times they were very rich.'

'Don't people die in Damascus any more?'

'Shrouds are not bought for dead men; they are worn almost entirely by pilgrims to Mecca; and since no one now goes to Mecca . . .'

'Oh, that explains, then, the mystical expression of distress on that dancer-undertaker's face.'

'Moreover,' continues Ali Bey as we cross the Street of the Water-Pipe Makers, where most of the work seems to be done with the feet, 'the fashionable shroud for rich people is a poor man's tunic.'

'A poor man's tunic?'

'Yes. I mean a fakir's robe. Especially if it is ragged and filthy. All the Sultans of Damascus are interred in these — Nureddin, Saladin, and Bibars. In a fakir's garb, you know, one is sure to get a drink at the celestial springs.'

We come to a place where a bronze grating bars the entrance of horses and vehicles. Passing a fine Roman gateway and a stretch of wall whose crumbling stucco reveals enormous blocks of polished stone behind it, we enter a new tangle of winding bazaar streets offering at every turning a surprise or a disappointment — sombre little prayer niches, brightly lighted caravansaries, a tomb by a gurgling fountain, a steamship office, a dentist's, and novelty shops installed amid the exquisite blue faïence of an old Turkish bath and frequented by all the women of Damascus — Christians and Jewesses dressed in the latest styles, and black-robed Mohammedans with veiled faces and enigmatic figures, whose dainty vanity cases, imported from the Occident, peep out beneath their austere robes.

In the Street of the Cabinetmakers, who manufacture all kinds of charming furnishings for tents, we catch the reflection of our faces in decorated mirrors. Here we find doll-house tables, delightful little cradles, ornamented with ostrich plumes and blue pearls, for Bedouin babies, and wardrobes with mirror doors, inlaid with mother-of-pearl — that mother-of-pearl that the caravans bring from the Gulf of Akaba, the Ezion Gaber whence the fleets of King Solomon set sail for the mysterious land of Ophir. It is mother-of-pearl such as camels bore forth in ancient times into the purple solitudes of the desert, so that the Queen of Sheba and the Shulamite might view themselves reflected in mirrors framed with these iridescent shells, which little apprentices set in black pitch resembling ebony.

Suddenly we find ourselves engulfed in a crowd of shouting, jesting peddlers hawking vegetables pickled in colored vinegar. 'Bittersweet! Bittersweet! Bittersweet like the Allies!' they shout. Others who are vending elastic garters cry: 'Strong as Verdun! Strong as Verdun!' Itinerant barbers call out, 'Boyish bobs! Haircuts in the Paris style!' A dazzling perambulant orange grove sweeps by, followed by an old fruit man who chants as he prods his donkey: 'Five medjidiehs for the father

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of fragrance! Five medjidiehs for the tree of liberty! Have the sun in your own home!'

But the liveliest, noisiest of all the streets is announced from afar by its hot, strong odors. It is the Street of the Spice Men, which is eternally bathed in a bluish, aromatic cloud. Midway in its course stands the largest khan in Damascus, and I believe the most beautiful in the world. It was originally the khan of Assad Pasha, Governor of Syria some three centuries ago. Its deep ogival portal, ornamented with rose-colored stalactites and blue-enamel facing, is flanked by two beautifully niched fountains. Its doors of sculptured bronze, held by heavy bronze chains, open upon the black-and-white arcades of an immense courtyard surmounted by nine domes, each with a ring of apertures to admit the light. Through the central dome, which is also the highest, a dim religious illumination falls upon a great octagonal fountain around which are clustered wooden platforms. From these points of vantage princes of commerce, squatting on prayer carpets, watch porters roll in heavy bales of goods, on which effendis standing at little desks inscribe figures. We are invited to sit on one of the platforms, where we sip salép spiced with cinnamon and tea flavored with mint.

A tremendous din surrounds us. Men are haggling and dickering even in the remotest corridors and the darkest cellars of the khan, while the silvery voice of the Abana's waters, singing and laughing in the fountain, mingles with the raucous roar of gold that fills the air.

Yes, indeed, business is booming. We are shown sacks of rice from Egypt, Anatolian brasses, Mocha coffee, pistachio nuts from Aleppo, myrrh from the Yemen, and mountains of dried apricots — the famous *kamereddine* that Damascus exports to all parts of Syria, in quantities sufficient to feed for months an army in the desert.

Above, a graceful gallery runs completely around the khan. Stairways and corridors lead to it and to various granaries, offices, and treasure rooms. All the doors are made of carved cedar, and bronze keys the length of a man's arm are used to open them. The ceilings are inlaid with enamel and supported by decorated beams, while the perfume of amber and musk, mixed with other pungent and unfamiliar odors, penetrates the air.

Strong boxes, guarded as closely as the secret alcoves of a lover's heart, contain Bokhara silks, pearls from the Persian Gulf, Caucasian turquoises, Arabian myrrh, and all the riches of Salome that nocturnal caravans must have borne across the wide sands between the Euphrates and the Nile.

Who knows? To judge from the variety of odors, even more precious merchandise may lie hidden here — slaves with skins like ivory and slaves with skins like eggplants. But such secrets as these are concealed behind bales of wool and cotton. Although the caravansary is absorbed in commerce, I find time to admire its brilliant black-and-white arcades as I stand in the magnificent gallery, gazing up at the nine cupolas whose mystic light is mirrored in the green fountain below. And I sing praises to the memory of the great Assad Pasha who could grace a palace of commerce with such dream-like harmony.

The business quarter of Damascus extends farther. Perhaps one cannot say it really begins until we come to the famous thoroughfare known since Bible days as 'the street which is called Straight,' where the Apostle Paul, blinded on his journey to Damascus, stayed at the house of Judas. At that time it was probably part of the

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Jewish quarter that Achab, King of Samaria, had established and that the Romans later enlarged. In any case, it still remains the single rectilinear street that traverses the town from one end to the other. Fragments of the columns that once bordered it can still be seen, buried in three feet of mud, between the little shops where four million people come to satisfy their sartorial fancies.

What a gay scene it is! Veils flying behind silk-swathed heads, sashes with wide borders, pleated coats dyed in saffron for good luck, and the crowns of shepherd kings. From a rope stretched across the street hangs a gigantic tinseled molar tooth, which clusters of women survey with nervous laughter.

These curious women who come from every remote horizon are either peasants or Mohammedan nomads, and they go about with their faces uncovered. Some of them wear aprons embroidered in the Roman fashion and shawls with Spanish fringes; others reveal Persian dancing bloomers under their bell-shaped skirts; and a group of ravishing beauties from Tanagras have wrapped themselves in flowered muslins. They all have large, startled eyes, and their barbaric jewels tinkle like the trappings of a steed.

We meet a group of them just leaving an obscure little shop as we are entering, on the Street of the Dyers, whose enormous stone tubs may well date back to the time when Naaman the leper bowed down in the house of Rimmon. Just as in the old days, flower patterns are still imprinted by hand on the long rolls of almost transparent linen from which the robes of the *kelabim* — 'the hounds of love' — are made; for behold, squatting here on the ground in the corner of the drying room sits a little old man stamping flower after flower on the cloth with a wooden die. It takes a good ten yards to make a single robe, and a whole day to print that quantity of cloth. We are probably looking at the last surviving master of this craft, for nobody else has cared to learn this patient, time-honored trade. When the little old fellow departs for a better land, Damascus will have to follow the custom of India and import Tanagras veils for its Mohammedan ladies from England.

From Straight Street we detour first to the left and then to the right, attracted by obscure, dimly lighted passageways that twist in every direction as if to make up for the tiresome rectitude of the thoroughfare we have left. Suddenly we are diverted from our course by a flood of odors, to a vaulted passageway in whose half-lighted recesses all the ragamuffins between Mecca and Bagdad seem to have forgathered. It is, in short, the domain of the Bedouins, a labyrinth of stones where the tent dwellers bring their wool to the Jewish carders, who bow out the lumps with implements that resemble the single-stringed harp on which David played before Solomon.

Among these nomads I recognize the fondest and wildest visions of my childhood — Moabite princes and proud Druse warriors. But there are unfamiliar figures, too — big, strong, gentle men with shepherds' crooks in their hands, and beaming faces. They are accompanied by lovely, grave women who resemble Roman matrons or mediæval nuns, wearing black turbans that fasten under the chin and long robes as stiff as basalt.

One of the men we encounter stops me to show me a cross hung at his neck. '*Bonnejour*,' he says to me. '*Messihé*.'

Is he a Christian? Are there such things as Bedouin Christians? Already another is approaching. He produces a

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card from in between his shirt and his skin, on which I read: —

L'ABBÉ MERY
CHAPLAIN OF HOURANE

Then, written in French, a few words introducing the bearer to the Reverend Mother at the St. Louis Hospital. The Bedouin shows me his eyes, which he is going to have the holy sisters treat. He too is *messihé*, and he proudly adds, '*Roum-gatouligue!*'

But now a circle of women surrounds us. They, too, want to tell me that they are Christians and that they are my sisters. One of them, with silver teeth and tattooing on her hands and face, waves her rosary under my nose, saying, '*Yésouh el Messieh.*'

The rosary has been blessed in the holy city, Jerusalem, at the tomb of Jesus the Messiah.

The Jewish harpists about us ply their single-stringed bow over the fleecy wool. Fluffy flakes of white dance in the dim light. From the vaulted roof a ray of sunlight is reflected upon a Bedouin with a shepherd's crook and the face of an apostle. I breathe an atmosphere of sheep, of green pastures, and of simple Gospel days.

WHEN RUSSIA WENT RED[1]

THE DIARY OF AN EYEWITNESS

BY EUGÈNE SEMENOFF

[DURING the Russian Revolution M. Semenoff kept a diary, part of which we present here, and all of which is appearing in book form this year in connection with the tenth anniversary of Bolshevism.]

February 27, 1917. — Beginning at eight this morning, I spent hours in the streets following the spontaneous revolution that has just burst out and that is gradually being organized within the Duma. During the sessions of the Duma airplanes were flying over the capital dropping proclamations. A council of workmen's deputies invited 'the comrades to create a Council of Deputies under the Army's protection.'

What was happening outside the Duma, far from the men who enjoyed reputation, authority, and an amount of political experience? Nobody knew. Surveying the general state of confusion, the lack of coördination, the arrests, the arbitrary search parties, the pillage and burning, and discovering that the Duma was still talking, I went to one of the most important editors in town, a member of the Society of Editors-in-Chief, and said: 'Summon your Society at once. A combination of all social organizations, political and others, must take the initiative and organize a new government. Every hour is precious. If we do not succeed, the ruin and collapse of Russia will follow.'

'*Nichevo!* Everything will come out

[1] From *La Grande Revue* (Paris Liberal literary monthly), *October*

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all right,' replied the optimistic editor, confident of the ability of a great people to achieve the greatest of all revolutions without bloodshed. But, unfortunately, by that very evening that editor was able to convince himself how things were being organized and arranged.

The journalists in the Duma formed a committee and decided to publish a news-sheet in place of the papers that had suspended publication. Every tendency and every party was to be represented in this unique revolutionary journal, which was set up and printed on the presses of the three biggest newspapers in Petrograd — *Vechernee Vremia*, *Rech*, and *Birjevya Vedomosti*. That evening, at the *Vechernee Vremia* offices, we were working on the first copy of the *News* when we were suddenly interrupted by three comrades, two men and one girl, together with a number of soldiers. They were all armed. The two young men pointed their revolvers at the journalists and began talking in strong foreign accents. One of them was dressed in civilian clothes and spoke Russian badly. The other, Comrade Lev, wore the uniform of the Polytechnic School. The girl, apparently a Russian, played the part of a silent witness to the scene. The tired soldiers, fatigued with the emotions and responsibilities of the day, were passively obeying the orders of the young men.

Having stationed a certain number of soldiers at the doors of the building, the young men, followed by other soldiers, stormed through all the offices, revolvers in hand, demanding that the journalists immediately stop work and begin preparing Social Democratic proclamations.

B. A. Suvorin, editor of *Vechernee Vremia*, who had just arrived on leave from the front, confronted them in his soldier's uniform with the St. George medallion on his chest. He informed them that it was impossible to stop the *News*, which, during the Revolution, was important to *everybody*. The young men did not choose to listen to him, and the one who spoke the worst Russian ordered that the publication of the *News* be stopped immediately and that the proclamations he was carrying with him be put in type instead. Suvorin then said to them in a loud voice: 'Put away your revolvers. They do not frighten me. Think of the consequences of what you are doing. You are interrupting a work in behalf of the common cause, and you are sowing dissension.'

The counsels of Suvorin and of all the other journalists were in vain. The fanatics refused to quit the building. I am speaking now of the two young men, because the girl said nothing, and the weary soldiers surveyed the scene without understanding it. Suvorin as a last resort proposed asking the advice of the Duma over the telephone. Comrade Lev consented. Kerenskii was called.

I took the telephone and explained the affair in a few words. Kerenskii at once agreed with me, saying that the way the comrades were acting could not but injure the common cause. I begged him to repeat his words to Comrade Lev, and passed the telephone over to him. Here is what we heard.

'Good day, Comrade Kerenskii.'

. . . . . .

'Thank you for your suggestions and advice, but I cannot accept them. You know the decisions that were taken last evening.'

. . . . . .

'I am sorry not to be able to act on your advice. You know whom I represent, but whom do you represent?'

He spoke in a bullying, contemptuous voice. We could not make out what Comrade Kerenskii was saying, and only heard Comrade Lev's words,

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but we realized into whose hands the destiny of Russia had fallen. I looked at Suvorin and the other conscious witnesses of this scene, and saw the same profound emotion written on their faces, the identical presentiment of terror.

Comrade Lev triumphantly put down the telephone, and forced the workers at the points of revolvers and bayonets to set up proclamations in behalf of the Social Democratic Party. Suvorin and the other journalists present could only protest, silently or noisily, against this act of violence, and Suvorin retired to his study.

We spent some time talking to the soldiers, in order to get better acquainted with them and to get a glimpse of these heroes of the Revolution who were obeying the orders of Comrade Lev and of various mysterious, silent girls and foreign illiterates and phrase-makers.

While the two 'intellectuals' were issuing printing orders for their proclamations, our talk continued. The soldiers were brave fellows who had been spending all day helping various delegates to leave the city. We invited them to take some tea, and the girl sat down with us. It was futile to talk about the proclamations, — the burning question of the moment, — for these unhappy soldiers, excited and morally terrorized, no one knows by whom, would only close their eyes impotently. It became clear that they did not know what the 'others' were plotting behind their backs, for they had only seen these others, as we had, for the first time to-day.

But soon the workmen rushed in with tears in their eyes, declaring that they would not set up such a proclamation, such a horrible piece of treason, even if they were shot for refusing. We read the proclamation, and it was just like all the others that the Germans and Bolsheviki circulated during and after the Revolution. It dealt at great length with the bourgeoisie, with imperialism, and with the necessity of ending the war and of signing peace with Germany immediately.

We backed up the workers and declared to the anonymous comrade and to Comrade Lev that the proclamation would never see the light of day, even if they shot us and looted the printing presses. The comrades were obliged to come to terms. They did not yet have enough confidence in their strength, and could not order the soldiers to fire on the workmen and the journalists.

The comrade who spoke such bad Russian began correcting the proclamation, or rather writing a new one, but the question of immediate peace was abandoned. His proclamation was set up during the night after the first number of the *News* had been printed.

It was late when we separated. I walked down empty, black, unlighted streets. Distant gunshots broke the silence of the night.

Soon after private business summoned me to Novocherkask, in the territory of the Don Cossacks. I decided to attempt the impossible and leave Petrograd, traversing all Soviet Russia to the Don Territory, which had not yet turned Bolshevist.

This occurred during that terrible period when an army of several million men demobilized itself — an experience that no country in history had ever undergone in quite the same way. Thousands and tens of thousands of soldiers were quitting their headquarters on all the fronts and either returning to their native villages or crowding the cities, where they increased the throng of trouble-makers.

International railway cars were still running irregularly between Petrograd

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and Moscow. Thanks to my previous connections, I was able to get a reserved seat and leave on the evening of the twelfth of December. My conductor was a conscientious, intelligent, and experienced man. He had already been wounded by a group of soldiers, or 'comrades,' who had tried to take his car by assault. He defended the narrow door, for he was responsible for the safety of the travelers, who included women, old men, children, and the sick and wounded.

I succeeded in getting into my car long before the time of departure, thanks to the fact that I had made the acquaintance of my conductor's wife and child on the platform. They had accompanied him to the station, weeping and fearful for his safety.

The international car and all the others were full of people, and the steps, platforms, and roofs were crowded with soldiers in spite of the snow and the intense cold. The train did not leave on time, because hundreds of soldiers were still crushing their way in and disputing for the smallest amount of space.

The wild, crazy crowd remained deaf to advice, to reason, and even to threats. People could not keep alive in Petrograd, for the food supply was vanishing. Besides this, many of these unfortunates were prey to a kind of collective psychosis and were no longer responsible for their actions. They were eager to return to their home towns, which they had not seen since the beginning of the war. They had given ear to the suggestions of Bolshevist and German agitators, who told them that the partition of the soil was already under way and that if they arrived late they would lose their share.

The excited crowd shouted threateningly, yelling: 'We won't let the train leave! Get into the cars! The devil take the bourgeois! Throw the pot-bellied rascals out!'

The travelers in the compartments, especially the women, were more dead than alive, and the officers were filling the corridors with soldiers who had succeeded in getting on board. These men now began to help my conductor defend the door of the compartment, which was closed at the time. The soldiers with us now found themselves in the same bourgeois state of mind as ourselves, for they were as interested as we were in the speedy departure of the train, and their only concern was to prevent the crowd from invading the car.

At last the train departed, to the accompaniment of further shouts, threats, and violence. Similar scenes occurred at every station, and any travelers and children who had been sleeping were awakened on each occasion. At one stop the mob succeeded in forcing the door of the car, and the corridors became so crowded that it was impossible to open the compartment doors. Thus we found ourselves imprisoned until we reached Moscow.

We arrived twenty-four hours late. Usually at the first Moscow station the cars going to Rostov, Voronezh, or Kharkof are switched to the Kursk station. On this occasion, however, we were told that there would be no more trains south until the next day. We also had to apply for places either at the Kursk station or at another ticket office whose name we were told. This news did not interest the ones who were staying in Moscow, who hurried out of the sombre little station at which we had stopped.

The situation of the travelers who were heading south, however, was thoroughly disagreeable, for we had no place to pass the night. There were no free rooms anywhere, and it was dangerous to walk through the city.

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The Bolsheviki had scored a complete triumph over the last defenders of the provincial government, and several houses in the centre of the town had been destroyed. Pillage and fighting continued, especially at night, when walking through Moscow was a perilous performance.

Finding ourselves in a predicament, we took counsel together and appointed a delegation, to whom we confided our destiny. I was one of the members chosen, and we at once set forth in search of the authorities in the hope of getting precise information from them concerning the departure of the trains, and in any case of gaining permission to spend the night in our cars.

The latter request was granted, and we organized ourselves as best we could, finding that we had much more room than we had expected, since many travelers did not dare to spend the night on the tracks.

A friend of mine managed to get me a second-class ticket with a reserved seat to Rostov, which was in the direction of the Caucasus Mountains. Thus, in case of any difficulties with Bolshevist authorities, I should say that I was traveling to the Caucasus on account of my health. Any other explanation of my trip would have been more difficult. At this period of civil war the Bolsheviki forbade any travel without a plausible motive, and punished infractors with arrest and often with death. Friends accompanied me to the station, and someone helped me through the crowd of soldiers who had invaded the platforms and the tracks. I reached my train and penetrated to my compartment with the greatest difficulty, for it was already in a state of siege. I took possession of the corner seat reserved for me, and found that all the lower seats were already occupied by twelve travelers, while four wounded soldiers lay up above. Six o'clock struck, and the train was due to leave at seven. The crowd of soldiers around the train kept increasing. Railway officials and armed Red Guards helped the passengers on board, and for half an hour refused to let anyone past who did not have a ticket. After this time, however, they disappeared.

The crowd at once broke loose and took possession of the cars, fighting their way in. Nineteen people piled into our compartment, though it was supposed to hold only eight. Two soldiers sat on my feet. The nineteenth, a very young soldier, could only enter by literally walking on the heads of the travelers, but in this position he found it impossible to carry in the bag of provisions that he had left with a friend in the corridor.

'Comrade,' he shouted, 'throw me my provision sack.'

His friend said he would try, and a few minutes later the young soldier, standing on our knees and leaning against our shoulders, succeeded, after incredible difficulty, in seizing the sack and in lifting it over the half-opened door.

The crowd on the platform was shouting and protesting and demanding places. A group of soldiers spied me through the window, and, noticing my civilian clothes and fur coat, started shouting: 'Throw the bourgeois out the window!'

It was impossible for them to open the pane, however, and nobody dared to break it, in spite of all the menaces and threats. Meanwhile I remained motionless and silent, looking calmly at this crowd of possessed creatures, whose faces had lost all human expression. Every minute I expected to suffer from some act of violence.

The air in our compartment grew heavier and heavier. It was suffocating,

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nauseous. How could I hope to make my trip clear across Russia from north to south, at such a time as this? Millions of soldiers from every front were demobilizing of their own accord and rushing through the stations in avalanches, taking whole trains by assault. 'What madness!' I reflected. 'But it is impossible to undo what has been done. We must face the danger and maintain our courage.'

The air was becoming unbreathable. What would happen to us if no one would open the window? The door to the corridor was also closed, and there was such a crush of travelers outside that it could not be opened. We were stifling.

I was breathing hard, but noticed with some pleasure that they had all forgotten the bourgeois and were making common cause with me against the excited crowd outside. Our interests had become the same — not to let any more people in.

At this moment the twentieth traveler, a woman who had been pushed into the compartment and installed up above between the two wounded men, with her legs hanging over my head, began to kick about, almost hitting my face with her feet. 'I'm stifling!' she shouted. 'Let me out! Throw me out!'

A young soldier squashed into one corner, pale and almost fainting, made a supreme effort. He threw himself toward the window and with the force of desperation pulled at the strap and opened the pane. A glacial gust of air penetrated the compartment, and we all breathed deeply, paying no attention to the terrible expressions on the faces of the soldiers outside. The woman continued to shout: 'Let me go, in Heaven's name! I am dying. I can't stand it any longer.'

They seized the unfortunate creature and with great difficulty passed her through the window. The soldiers on the platform rushed forward, fighting for the place she had left. They could not, however, succeed in getting through the narrow window, and when they finally perceived the futility of their efforts they went away to other cars. A young soldier, however, finally succeeded in climbing in, and twenty of us occupied places that were supposed to hold only eight. Luckily, we could open the window from time to time and change the air. The train finally left at eleven o'clock in the evening.

This horror continued all night and most of the next day. Again and again we witnessed the same scenes of brutality, the same violent struggles, at every station. My tall stature prevented my being able to move at all until four o'clock the next afternoon. It was not until we reached Millerovo, in the Don Cossack region, that the number of travelers diminished enough to allow me to leave the compartment. My neighbors helped me kindly, some pulling me from in front, others pushing me from behind. Nevertheless, there was such a crowd that I lost all the buttons of my coat forcing my way through.

Toward morning confidence and good humor were already reigning in our compartment. Everyone spoke to me kindly, asked me where I was going and what I was doing, and discussed their own affairs with me. The brutes and bandits of the evening before turned into simple Russian muzhiki again, and forgot yesterday's hatred and madness. They even shared their bread with me, for I had brought none; and they gave me boiling tea that they bought through the window at stations.

The wounded men stretched out above took no part in our conversation. I could see one or two of their faces as the people below handed them tea and

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bread. During the morning they got down with great difficulty and left us at one of the stations in the Don district. As these unfortunates approached their homes they slowly forgot their experiences at the front and the recent disorders, and concentrated entirely on one thought: 'What shall I find at home?'

There were still a number of *miechechniks* in our compartment. These were soldiers, or muzhiki and bourgeois disguised as soldiers, who went from town to town looking for provisions to sell in other towns, continually running the risk of being robbed or shot as speculators by the Red Guard and by members of the Cheka. Nevertheless, many of the northern towns were entirely nourished by these miechechniks during all the terrible winter of 1917–1918.

I was particularly interested in the young soldier who had climbed into our compartment at Moscow and had asked to have his provision bag passed to him. He told me that he was a married muzhik with three children, and that he had worked the soil with his father and brother. He owned a number of horses, and was going to Rostov to buy feed for his animals and to procure a few more horses cheap. This peasant was not a Bolshevik, but he defended the Bolsheviki, and felt that they were more reasonable than the others, who did nothing but spar for time. He impressed me as a muzhik who had taken the side of the Soviets in order to purchase security for himself.

The Bolshevist authorities left us at Millerovo, and groups of Cossacks passed through the cars. My muzhik now said to me with complete frankness: 'Back there *we* were the masters. Here, if anything goes wrong, *you* must intervene and help us out.' 'We' signified himself and his comrade.

It was now the seventeenth of December, 1917, and there were as yet no frontiers between Bolshevist Russia and the non-Soviet regiments. The city of Rostov had recently been taken from the Soviets, and fighting was going on in some of the cities that we passed through. We could hear the shooting. How different were Bolshevist Russia and this free country! The station restaurants were open, and served hot and cold meals, nice white bread, and drinks. Nobody was starving, and the men seemed happy. On the eighteenth of December I arrived at Novocherkask, the capital of the Territory of the Don Cossacks.

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WE HUNT THE KANGAROO[1]

BY SIEGFRIED ALBERT SCHOLZ

My opportunity to penetrate the Australian bush presented itself in the form of a newspaper advertisement asking for an experienced bushman to accompany a scalping expedition throughout the West. I could not quite remember what the word 'scalping' meant, but I felt that I was a qualified bushman, and since I was the only one who replied to the advertisement I had little difficulty in being accepted. In this way we learned that a man called George Pearson was engaged in shooting kangaroos west of Charlesville, and that he needed a partner. I wrote to him that I was just the man he wanted, since I had shot many kangaroos, chiefly in Europe. He answered by return post that he would be glad to have me work with him.

Maud was delighted when I told her the next day that I was going West as a scalper, for her childhood memories associated this word solely with Red Indians. When, however, I said that kangaroo skins were to be the object of my scalping, her enthusiasm died down, and I had difficulty in persuading her that a journey into the unknown West would be pleasant or profitable. Since my entire hunting outfit consisted of a green felt hat with a bronze badge announcing that I was a member of a hunting club, I had to get myself further equipment in the form of rifles, a hunting knife, mattresses, insect powder, blankets, and a flask of lavender water which at the last moment Maud insisted on taking with her.

The nearer our train approached Charlesville, which stood in the centre of the desert, the yellower grew the landscape and the barer the old eucalyptus trees became. Thick crusts of earth protruded through the withered sod here and there, and dry river-beds of white sand wound their weary way across the broad plain. Corpses of sheep and cattle could frequently be discerned, while the surviving animals, thin as skeletons, strayed among the bushes munching dry leaves and occasional bunches of grass. Presently all signs of vegetation disappeared. As far as the eye could reach we saw nothing but sand, dirt, and rolling country. Not a blade of grass, not even a leaf, could be discerned. It was a wide, parched sea of shadeless trees and withered bushes, populated by thousands of crows flying through the blue air cawing loudly. Fourteen months without rain had reduced this fruitful country to a desert.

Our friend, George Pearson, proved a surprise. We had pictured to ourselves someone quite different, a primitive fellow from the jungle, and were delighted when we saw standing before us a solemn, well-cared-for gentleman, more than six feet tall, dressed in faultless street clothes. He had splendid white teeth that flashed whenever he smiled at one of Maud's innocent questions. His opinions of the world and the people in it were sound and tolerant; he avoided mentioning the war, and

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Liberal daily), *November* 27

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said nothing about how Germany had acted in the years following the conflict. He spoke of his own abilities, and in a few words outlined our contract. I was delighted, and could not have wished for a better partner. But Maud remained conspicuously silent; somehow the man had not pleased her.

I then embarked on a routine of life that was more pleasant and beautiful than anything I had ever pictured in my childhood dreams. Camping out in tents or under the open sky had its disadvantages at first. The cold moon and glistening stars and the mysterious cracklings and rustlings in the bushes disturbed my rest. Soon, however, we became accustomed to these things. The moon and the stars lost their magnetic charm, and the rustling in the bushes was only caused by centipedes, wood adders, and poisonous lizards with long, vitriol-blue tongues, who were quite harmless unless you hurt them. From time to time a loud drumming noise could be heard, as if someone were beating a carpet. This was caused by the kangaroos, who were curious about our camp and expressed their dissatisfaction at our presence by whacking their tails against the ground.

And how many kangaroos there were! The drought had not decreased their numbers, for they could stand on their hind legs and reach six feet into the air — high enough to eat the leaves off the rosewood bushes. These animals are peaceful, harmless creatures, typical of the wild West. Their one drawback is that they multiply too rapidly, and in keeping alive they devour all the grass, not leaving enough to support the sheep and cattle. In this way they damage the ranchers, who prefer to have healthy stock of their own rather than to be surrounded by huge herds of wild kangaroos. For this reason the hunting season is never closed.

The color of the kangaroo's skin always matches the color of the ground on which it lives. Among trees with gray bark I found numberless kangaroos of all shades of gray, whereas in grassy districts the animals were brownish-yellow. In the slate-colored hills they were as deep-blue as the sea off the Brazilian coast; in the thick forests their color corresponded to the black ironbark tree; and in open country they were light or dark red, depending on the shade of the soil. This protective coloring explains why I often shot at gray trees three hundred yards distant, thinking that they were the head and neck of a kangaroo. I have also blazed away at red-ant hills that looked like crouching bull kangaroos. The female kangaroos are very cautious when they have their little ones, and the old males are equally skillful at sensing danger. Generally the oldest of the herd sits somewhat apart from the rest, balancing himself upon the end of his tail, and, motionless as a fallen limb, keenly surveys the country to windward.

A twig cracks under my foot, and as if by command the little kangaroos disappear into their mothers' pouches and the herd flee as swiftly as so many arrows, leaping along with their tails and hind legs only, taking incredibly long jumps. Soon they hide behind trees and bushes, and cautiously stick their heads out, watching their leader, who peers about him, balancing himself with the very tip of his tail and turning his hind quarters toward me. This is the experienced scalper's target. At first I did not know what part of his body to aim for, but when I saw that shots at his head and shoulder blades had no effect, I decided with a heavy heart to shoot at his haunches.

My first shot falls short, but the second reaches its goal. My poor kangaroo silently leaps straight up in

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the air and then falls flat on the ground. The rest of the herd at once follow the example of their leader, and when they see that he does not leave his position, but is apparently lying there asleep, they all come out from behind the trees, and one by one suffer the same fate.

Different-colored kangaroos died in different ways. The blue and the red kangaroos made no attempt to fight when the fatal bullet hit them, but the gray kangaroos tried to attack their enemy with powerful kicks; while the black ones showed themselves even more bitter opponents.

I once wounded an old black bull kangaroo in a dried-up river bed at twilight. He leaped about and tried to escape in the thick underbush as I came down the steep incline. It was too dark to shoot again, and throwing aside my Winchester I jumped at him, trying to grab him by the tail. At this point he leaped at me and with a deep growl seized my shoulders with his two front legs and gave me a terrific kick with one hind leg. I rolled down the slope, followed by the raging, kicking creature, until I found myself close to a big tree, which I climbed in order to escape him. He then gave up his attack, but dragged himself to a little pool near by, where he sat with his forelegs folded over his chest, watching my movements cautiously. In the water kangaroos have developed a peculiar attack. Remaining motionless, they allow their opponent to come toward them until suddenly they leap forward and grab him, pushing him under water and sitting on him. Since I had no great desire to risk my life in this way, I let my kangaroo sit where he was until the moon rose and I could see my Winchester.

The kangaroo's family life is very happy. There is no quarreling, no fighting, no noisy wrangling, during the day. Only at night, when they gather around a cool water-hole, can one hear a friendly noise of growling and squabbling as they play together in the water. The young ones are well brought up and obedient. At the least command they silently disappear in their mother's pouch, which they also leave just as quickly whenever she wishes. It often hurt me to destroy such an idyllic family life, especially when I found them grouped in the shade of a eucalyptus tree during the noonday heat — the male kangaroo stretched out, and near him his spouse with her head on his mighty chest, and the young ones all about them. But the hard life of a scalper gradually dulled my sensibilities.

After a few days kangaroos begin to understand the danger of firearms, and, since it is hard to hit them at a distance of more than five to eight hundred yards, we had to change our hunting grounds every two weeks, to the disgust of both Maud and George Pearson. The latter feared that these moves would hurt his automobile, and persuaded me to put an extra clause in our contract to repay him for the wear and tear on his machine. I did this gladly, for this item of wear and tear can become important. Maud disliked our moves because her sleepless nights were made even more unpleasant by having to provide new cooking arrangements.

The farmers look upon a scalper with mixed feelings. On the one hand, they approve of him, because he is ridding the country of such destructive animals as kangaroos, wallabies, crows, dingoes, foxes, and the like. On the other hand, they are suspicious of the scalper, fearing that he may not confine himself to living off the beasts and birds of the forest but that he sometimes may seize upon a fat calf or lamb for his midday meal. Visits that some of these farmers paid us at mealtime

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convinced them, however, that we were not in the latter class of scalpers, for they always found us eating the tail of a kangaroo or a wallaby — which, by the way, is the most delicious meat I have ever tasted. Thus we soon gained the confidence of the big landowners, who even went so far as to allow us to live in their houses when they were away. This we did with the greatest of pleasure, because here we could replenish our exhausted supplies.

Both man and beast seek shade from the noonday sun, while droves of majestic emus trot through the obscure forest, slowly and fearlessly approaching pools of water. These birds inhabit the most impenetrable jungles in many parts of Australia, and live chiefly upon prickly pears, for which they will travel enormous distances. Unfortunately, men also like this luscious red fruit, which the emu will devour in prodigious quantities.

At night, when the intense heat of day had abated, foxes and dingoes would sally forth upon their murderous forays. The former usually kill young lambs, but the bloodthirsty dingo does not hesitate to attack full-grown cows, or tear the throats of a hundred sheep in a single night. There is a fifteen-shilling bounty on this animal's head.

In exploring dense thickets I often came upon curious constructions of grass and stones, standing about three feet high. I finally discovered what these were when I came upon a dozen brush turkeys skillfully dragging branches and rolling heavy stones with their beaks. It appeared that they were building a community nest for all their eggs, and I later discovered that they lived in the high tree branches both day and night. Their hut merely houses the eggs, which are laid around its base and covered with dung, while the turkeys keep watch from above, allowing the heat of the sun to do the hatching. These birds, which make delicious eating, are turkeys in name only, being about the same size as the European bustard, and tasting like capon.

One gray morning, after a night of storm, we awoke to discover a small brown creature cowering on a lofty branch. Above its flattened nose two watery blue eyes kept blinking at me in a comical yet friendly fashion. When I threw a stone in its direction it wailed plaintively and wiped its tear-stained eyes with its little paws like a helpless child. This harmless animal, the koala or kangaroo bear, lives in the boughs of the eucalyptus trees, whose leaves it devours. Formerly its hide would fetch a good price, but since the creatures are now on the verge of extinction they have been protected by a fifty-pound fine since 1919.

As summer advanced, the brilliant sun burned hotter and hotter, but the kangaroos and wallabies gave us more and more trouble and moved about faster than ever. Meanwhile our exclusive diet of kangaroo tails — we must have consumed several hundred yards of them — began to affect us. Personal cleanliness fell off until I felt as dirty as our little wire-haired terrier. At this point George insisted on going north after alligators. He had heard from reliable sources that their hides fetched a pound sterling each, and he knew of people who had earned enough money from them to buy a sheep ranch in a very short time. Maud gave him moral support — not so much on account of the alligators as because she wanted tropical vegetation, bananas, pineapples, mangoes, heavy rains, and wild sea waves.

When I suggested that our heavily laden car would be sorely taxed by such a journey, George assured me at great length that our contract

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provided for wear and tear, although I argued that this wear and tear only applied to a kangaroo hunt and not to a joy ride for alligators. Early one morning, however, we started our eight-hundred-mile journey to the little harbor town of Mackay, near which flowed the alligator creek.

Since we were guided only by instinct, we often traveled a whole day without knowing where we were, until luck would bring us out on the right road. At night we generally slept in some house that had been abandoned during the drought. Here we would sleep on soft beds, eat bacon and porridge, and read old novels and magazines. In the morning we made a point of leaving everything in as good order as we found it.

As we approached the coast we encountered an increasing number of pitifully famished sheep and horses that were often scarcely more than walking skeletons struggling out of the land of drought toward the greener country near the sea. Our automobile coughed and choked its way toward the same goal, for the road grew steeper all the time. At last, with a sigh of relief we reached the top of the watershed, where we breathed deep of the moist air and eagerly searched for some sign of tropical vegetation. But here too the drought had laid everything waste. Only Maud was happy, for she thought that the dried-up trees were palms, and imagined herself in a tropical paradise.

Fortunately for our motor, the rest of the route lay downhill, and we made an easy journey to Mackay, whose inhabitants greeted us with interest if not with sympathy. The ocean breezes did not, however, modify the fact that on account of the drought the fish had not been able to find food in the shallows around the coast and had migrated to deeper waters. Furthermore, dried bananas, pineapples, and mangoes constituted a miserable diet. And as for the alligators, they could only be sold alive. Sorrowfully expending our last money on gasoline, we determined to try our luck still farther north. After two days of travel through ravines, rivers, and swamps, our fuel gave out and we had to find a place to camp. Our search led us to a big, roomy house, whose owner cordially invited us to tea without asking any questions. When, however, we asked him for a job, his face fell, for he had believed we were the prospective buyers whom he had been expecting a long time. Being in financial straits himself, he could not give us any work, but assured us that we could catch enough fish to keep ourselves alive in O'Connell's Creek, which he pointed out to us. 'My neighbor Bill Nichols,' he said, 'makes twenty pounds sterling a week that way.' We were delighted by this valuable information, and pitched our tent on a sand-bank near the stream.

The first few days' catches were devoted to the satisfaction of our own tastes. Oysters, soles, lobsters, and crabs followed each other as fast as we could prepare them, and at night as I restlessly tossed about on my bed I regretted that I did not have money enough to buy the necessary boats and nets. One morning, as I was sitting on the bank in the sunshine, I saw Bill Nichols coming toward me in a boat. After a few perfunctory remarks, he invited me over to his house, and promptly sold me a boat and some nets, allowing me a month in which to pay for them — for we had become close friends in a very short time.

'Let me know if you are ever in trouble,' was his parting remark. And before the sun had disappeared behind the black mountain-tops I was.

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George greeted me upon my return with the observation that he too had been busy in my absence, reckoning my share of the wear and tear on the automobile. I had already paid him sixty English pounds, as well as incidental sums during the trip.

'I got you, my boy!' he shouted, prancing about and waving the contract. In the long conversation that followed I learned that the Mackay journey had been undertaken with more than one motive. Our contract, however, called only for a kangaroo trip, and the attempt to assess me further was a piece of fraud. Unable to understand his rich and vivid vocabulary, I gradually relapsed into silence, while he continued to proclaim that only the Australians were honest and that all other nations in the world were thieves and rogues.

This was the last straw. Covering my erstwhile partner with my Winchester, I piled my wife and possessions into the boat and pushed off into the river. Shouting a few words of farewell, I rowed away to my new friend Bill Nichols, whom I discovered to be what is known in Australia as a 'white man,' even though his skin was black.

TWO VIRTUES OF A BOOK

BY PAUL VALÉRY

[THE following preface to the first number of a new French magazine called *Les Arts et les Métiers Graphiques* was reprinted in the September 10 issue of *Illustration*.]

IF I open a book, that book offers two very different ways of attracting my interest, and lends itself to two different functions. It may suggest that I follow a regular movement that communicates itself and pursues its way from word to word the length of each line, and that is reborn at the beginning of the next line after an imperceptible leap — a movement whose progress provokes a number of successive mental reactions whose common effect is continually to break down the visual perception of signs and substitute in their place memories and groups of memories. Each of these effects is the first step in some infinite series of developments.

That is what is known as READING. We symbolize it in a flame that, propagating itself along a gradually burning thread, gives forth occasional explosions and little bursts of light. This line-to-line method involves clear sight and the conservation of clear sight, an essential condition in the production of elementary intellectual reactions that respond to stimuli caused by the writing itself, by its apparent or real sound, and by its varying significance.

The legibility of any text is the ability of this text to be assimilated by clear vision.

To sum up what has gone before, we could say that readability is the quality that foresees and facilitates the true purpose of the text — to bring about

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mental distinction and to transubstantiate affairs of the mind.

But quite apart from the process of reading, every written thing enjoys an existence of its own, an individual entity. A page is an image. It gives a total impression, presents a block or a system of blocks and strata, of blacks and whites, a birthmark of more or less happy intensity. This attitude is neither more successive nor more progressive than reading. It is immediate and simultaneous, it provides a common ground for typography and architecture, just as reading should also remind us of music and all other arts that involve an expense of time.

Thus, on the one hand, the book carries within itself something that excites and conducts the focal point of our clearsightedness — a movement that produces scattered intellectual effects and that breaks itself up into a number of different ideas in each line. On the other hand, the book is an object, a group of stationary impressions, no doubt with immediate qualities, subject to no conventions that may please or displease our senses.

These two points of view are independent of each other. The text seen and the text read are quite distinct matters, since paying attention to one of them prevents our paying attention to the other. There are splendid books that do not engage us into reading them — fine masses of pure black on a field of pure white. This wealth and this power of contrast, obtained at the expense of space between the lines, have been much sought after in England and Germany, where people try to reconcile certain fifteenth- and sixteenth-century models — efforts that infallibly weigh upon the reader, and even seem a little archaic. Modern literature does not lend itself to such compact shape and such crowded characters. There also exist very readable books insipid to the eye, devoid of grace, or frankly ugly. Since the qualities that a book may possess are not interdependent, we must regard printing as an art. When it merely serves our simple need for reading, it surpasses artists, because the exigencies of readability can be exactly defined and satisfied by precise, uniform measures. Experience and analysis can determine the duties of the engraver, of the typesetter, of the compositor, and the pressman, and we obtain a clear, neat text.

But as soon as the printer realizes the complexity of his work, he also feels it incumbent upon himself to become an artist, for the duty of the artist is to choose, and choice is governed by the number of possibilities. Everything making for uncertainty appeals to the artist, although he may not always obtain his ends.

The artist-printer finds himself confronted with the same situation that the architect must deal with — the reconciliation of the convenience of his construction with its appearance; and the poet, too, must deal with form and content, design and language. In all these arts — and it is because they are arts — the necessity that calls for work well done can only be satisfied by discretional power. The arrangement and final harmony of the independent parts that must be put together are never obtained automatically, but only by miracles or hard work, and generally by miracles and voluntary extra work combined.

A book is materially perfect when it is easy to read and delightful to think about, when one passes from reading to contemplation, and from contemplation back to reading again, as easily as one accommodates one's self to the insensible visual changes involved. In such cases the black and the white

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parts of the page relieve each other, and the eye moves across this well-regulated domain without effort, appreciating the ensemble and the detail, and feeling itself in ideal conditions to perform its functions. This ideal can only be obtained by the collaboration of engraver with printer. In the last analysis, every form should express inherent character, and character should not be created from pure fantasy. All the component parts should be in perfect scale. I permit myself to think that it is an error to reproduce the same figures in different sizes.

The art of the printer abounds in subtle difficulties and insensible degrees of finesse. Until now no one has dreamed of reproaching the masters of this art with having confined themselves to satisfying a small chosen company. People who blame authors who write to please too many people easily forgive the same sin in artists of another sort. Stendhal, however, was far from making fun of the great Bodoni, for when he went through Parma he did not fail to visit the celebrated printing press in that grand duchy. Bodoni spent all his efforts seeking the ideal title-page. How was he going to create that pure façade that he dreamed of for an edition of Boileau? 'After having shown me all his French authors, he asked me which one I preferred, the *Télémaque*, the Racine, or the Boileau. I confessed that they all seemed to me equally beautiful. "Ah, monsieur, you don't appreciate the title-page to Boileau!" I looked at it a long time, and finally confessed I saw nothing more perfect in this one than in the others. "Ah, monsieur!" cried Bodoni. "'Boileau-Despréaux' in one line of capital letters! I spent a month, monsieur, before being able to find the right characters!" The title-page had finally been placed in this way: —

ŒUVRES

DE

BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX

Behold the ridiculousness of the passions, in which, in this century of affectations, I confess that I do not believe.'

To repeat, a beautiful book is above all else a perfect reading machine whose qualities the laws and methods of optical physiology exactly define. It is also a work of art, a thing in itself, with a personality of its own, bearing certain marks of thought that suggest the noble intentions of a benevolent free will. Let us remark here that typographic work excludes improvisations. It is the fruit of unsuccessful efforts, the subject of an art that only bases itself on real achievement, a definite art that rejects rough drafts and outlines, an art that knows no intermediate point between being and not being. Thus we shall learn a large and important lesson.

The mind of the reader looks at itself in the mirror that the printing press has made. If the paper and the ink are good, if the type is clear, the composition careful, the margins well proportioned, and the impression just right, the author feels his language and his style all over again. He thinks he hears a clearer, firmer voice articulating his own words, while certain infelicitous phrases detach themselves dangerously. Everything feeble, soft, arbitrary, and inelegant speaks too loud and too clear. To be magnificently printed is a precious and redoubtable judgment.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH[1]

BY PRESIDENT THOMAS G. MASARYK

[THIS article consists of a few paragraphs from a short *curriculum vitæ* written by the author in 1875, and recently published in Czech under the title, *Mararykova cesta zivoten.*]

I WAS born in a little country town in Moravia, on the seventh of March, 1850, and during my early youth was carefully brought up by an excellent mother, to whose self-sacrificing love I am beholden for all I am. The happy hours of domestic love and peace I then enjoyed will always remain among my pleasantest memories. My affection for my parents and my brothers has often been my only consolation — though an abundant one — in hours of sorrow and difficulty. When I was six years old I was taken to the village of Čejkovice, where I was enrolled in an infants' class and received the first rudiments of an education. Fortunately for me, I became the close friend and playmate of the son of a local nobleman, whose private instruction I was permitted to share. I thus made good progress in German, which I knew slightly already because my mother was German, but not so well as Bohemian. Thorough courses in the history of Bohemia and Hungary awakened in me a strong sentiment of love and enthusiasm for the early history of my country. I also perfected my knowledge of my native land from various statistical sources and an ancient atlas.

When I was nine years old I lost my playmate and resumed attendance at the regular school, where, to the great joy of my parents, I stood first in my class. At one of our examinations we read a piece entitled 'Beyond the Stars,' which I had to explain. It revived so vividly the memory of my little sister, whom we had just lost, that I burst out crying and had to stop. One of the examiners, a worthy deacon, was deeply affected by my emotion. After the examinations were over, he summoned my mother and advised her strongly to let me be educated for a school-teacher. As a result, I was enrolled at a *Realschule* at Auspitz when I was ten years old. As a memento of the school that I was leaving I begged from my teacher a book which he had previously lent me. It was a rehash of Lavater's theories, containing all sorts of nonsense about phrenology and physiognomy. I learned it almost by heart, and applied its ideas to my schoolmates, noting down carefully the length of their fingers, the shape of their chins, and every other detail of their appearance. As a result I was utterly ostracized and did not make a single friend among them.

At the Realschule, where the instruction was in German, I had to learn my lessons practically by heart. This was excellent discipline for my memory, and a great aid in perfecting my knowledge of the language. I stood second in my class the first year I attended. During the whole time I

[1] From *Prager Tagblatt* (German-language Nationalist-Liberal daily), *December* 21

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was at this school I had no intimate friends among my schoolmates, and kept free from harmful student dissipations. My only amusement during this rather lonely exile was studying the physiognomies of the people with whom I was thrown in contact.

After two years at this institution I returned home to get a little practice — that is, to teach the children and to study music with a schoolmaster. In those days students were not admitted to the pedagogical course until they were sixteen years old, so I should have to wait four years. No credit was given for what little knowledge I had brought back from the Realschule. So I registered as a teacher-apprentice, but gave it up after two months' trial because I found the work intolerable under the two strident-voiced 'schoolma'ams' to whom I was assigned. My father was very busy superintending a big farm, and as I could not remain in school, for financial reasons, it was decided to make something else than a teacher of me.

My father woke me up in the middle of the night and told me to dress, as I was going to Vienna at once. My good mother went with me, and took me, at the recommendation of an acquaintance, to a locksmith, where I was apprenticed to work four years to learn the trade. My mother departed, leaving me standing in the shop with my green locksmith's apron on, spinning plans for the future. But the noise and confusion of a great city, and my relations with my new comrades, soon became intolerable. My only pleasure was to stand in front of the bookshops, which I would steal away to inspect during the noon hour — for I had very little to eat, and often nothing whatever. I would read over the titles of the books in the windows, and speculate as to their probable contents later while I was at work. Evenings I read my own books and studied Steiler's Atlas, invariably winding up at the map that showed my native town. Thereupon my eyes would grow dim with tears, so that I cried myself to sleep practically every night.

Possibly I might have resigned myself eventually to my lot had it not been for a little incident. One of my shop companions who shared my room stole all my books, including the volume on phrenology, and sold them. From that moment I had no peace. I realized that I must have mental nourishment; that I could not live a totally unintellectual life. It did not take me long to make up my mind, and I went home.

My father was tremendously put out by the 'disgrace' that I brought upon him by capriciously changing my career for a second time. On the advice of one of his friends, a 'common sense' barber, he apprenticed me to a blacksmith to learn horseshoeing, with the idea that I might later attend a veterinary school. I pass over in silence those six months. It will be sufficient if I say that the men in the shop often boxed my ears when I bungled at my tasks, so that I was made to realize what it meant to be a 'renegade student.'

One autumn morning when I was bringing two pails of water as usual from a neighboring well, I noticed as I approached the smithy that a gentleman standing there was observing me closely. Looking up, I recognized him as my piano teacher at the Realschule. Dropping my pails of water, I hung my head and turned away, and wandered off, half unconscious of what I did, into the neighboring mountains, to ponder, and to weep, over my lot.

To make my story short, a few days later found me again a teacher-

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apprentice under the father of my former piano teacher. This time I devoted myself with the utmost zeal to my resumed career, believing that I visibly saw the finger of God in my recent experiences.

During the vacation I traveled after the fashion of poor students, and with six florins that I had saved went to Brünn, accompanied by my good mother, to continue my studies. I entered the second year of the German Gymnasium, with exactly seventy heller left in my pocket after buying the books and school materials I imperatively required. During the first semester I lived in unspeakable misery, but when it closed I stood at the head of my class. After that all went well — much of the time very well indeed. At the recommendation of my mathematics teacher, I was taken into the family of the local police director, a generous and noble gentleman, to whom I owe a great debt for the subsequent development of my character.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

CHRISTMAS IN PRAGUE

BY J. O. C.

STRANGE as it may appear, Prague is enjoying its first severe winter since the war. People at large have been quite distressed that winters of late here have all been foggy and inclement, and summers cold and rainy. The annoying derangement of the seasons has been a fertile topic of conversation even outside the diplomatic circle, and the Czechs have truly been dismayed that, now they are running their own show, the Weather Man has been so willfully ungovernable.

Speaking of winter, — for it is with us with its blasty chills, — the entire town is preparing to vacate up to the snow-clad mountains on the borders of Saxony, where the marvelous skiing usually lasts from November to April. As Yuletide is celebrated here on Christmas Eve, whole trainloads of enthusiasts will make their get-away on Christmas afternoon. Some, probably the majority, will literally spend New Year's on their skis, but there are plenty of urbanites who will baulk at passing up what is called Sylvester Eve in good old Prague.

This exodus en masse reminds me that sport is steadily on the upgrade in Central Europe. Last spring I spotted at least half a dozen new tennis clubs in and around Prague. Skiing in the Giant Mountains, as they are called, was of course not unknown before the war, but there is a vast increase in the number of those to whom this exhilarating pastime is no longer a once-a-year luxury. As to competitive games, there are a score or more of soccer football teams in Prague, mostly professional. Crowds of fans pack the wooden stands the year around, regardless of whether Old Sol is on hand or not. It is, in my mind, a matter of considerable significance that Prague

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and Budapest can play a fast, clean game of soccer when the hysteria of the press forbids a meeting of the respective Foreign Ministers of Czecho and Hungary, except as it can be quietly and as a matter of course arranged during one of the sessions at Geneva.

These cold, crisp days here fit into the Christmas spirit which pervades the very atmosphere. The streets and the stores are full of merry holiday shoppers — something which has been the exception rather than the rule at this supposedly joyous time of year here since 1914. Excited, smiling tots drag their foot-weary mothers on in the surge of their bubbling enthusiasm. For Czech mothers, true to their race, are shrewd, circumspect shoppers. The other day, for example, an automobile dealer was complaining that if it were not for the influence of rebelling youth in the rich families there would be precious few cars sold in this land. An obvious exaggeration, but it is only fair to acknowledge that the Czechs, partly because of their being so long the under dog in Austria, are a close-fisted, practical lot when it comes to parting with their hard-won cash. Far more so, at any rate, than their Slovak brothers, who get a thrill out of spending whether they have the wherewithal or not — and usually it's not.

Be that as it may, in walking through the narrow, mediæval streets of holiday Prague one gets the impression of increasing prosperity, compared even with a year ago. Here and there is a new shop, usually more attractive-looking than the old type, which seemed to say, at least to an ignorant American, 'Buy here if you dare.' People as a whole are better dressed — not only more expensively got up, but also in somewhat better style. Some claim that the movie is largely responsible for the obviously improved taste in girls' clothes. Needless to say, freak styles are still plentiful in this city, which ten years ago was an out-of-the-way provincial capital. Nor should it be forgotten that for five solid years the vast majority of Prague women could not afford the luxury of buying a single new dress.

Carp. Carp by the pail, carp by the pushcart and truck, carp by the carload, — frozen, stacked in piles, and most unpalatable-looking, — are swarming into town. For carp is the Christmas turkey of Czecho. But with this difference — that at the Christmas Eve feast, which begins at five, — the tree comes later, — carp is the only fish, or meat for that matter, which orthodox custom here permits. Carp soup is the first delicacy served; then comes fried carp, with an incidental offering of boiled potatoes; followed by boiled carp and various other carp conspiracies of the more diligent Czech cook.

Though I have been absent for only six months, two of the principal streets, each about a mile in length, have been repaved. To-day they are asphalt — an expensive innovation widely commented upon, for the good old Praguers cling tenaciously to the everlasting cobblestone. Of the vast amount of new building in and around the town, I shall have more to say later. Since the war the population has increased from 400,000 to 750,000. Whole new suburbs, mostly of two- and three-family houses and a few private villas, have sprung up; and there are also visible in the centre of the town many new and renovated office buildings.

The burning problem of new Prague is rapidly becoming the traffic jam. As the city is located on the Moldau River, which is surrounded by rolling country and hills, it is difficult to lay out a subway system, but conversation

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and plans on this subject are much in evidence. Also, there are probably not more than ten thousand automobiles in Prague, — a growing proportion, now about ten per cent, of which are American makes, — and the municipal tramways are well run. The main trouble is not far to seek — it is the labyrinth of tortuous streets no one of which runs straight for more than a few hundred yards. Widening streets means tearing down old buildings — a step which conservative folk oppose with vigor. Around this sentiment has been built up a society known as Old Prague. On the other hand, those who see the necessity of Prague becoming a modern metropolis have banded themselves together in a counter-movement under the banner of New Prague and have come out flatly for pulling down any historic monuments which stand in the way. Here again is a running fight going on between the old and the new scheme of things.

Of course, underlying ideas and ancient custom die hard in Europe, where the sense of the past is so preciously carried into the world of to-day. Coming across lovely Bavaria last week, I was again impressed by signs of social immobility which are in evidence in every country in Europe. A stately old conductor came through the train to collect our tickets, all dressed up in an elaborate uniform. I was more particularly struck by the polished red-leather belt swung over his left shoulder. That elegant belt may in some mysterious way have contributed to making his routine existence bearable, worth while. In any case, it gave him an air of dignity, perhaps of dire authority over his fellow workers. All that may be true about the red-leather belt, but what was cruelly apparent to me was the iron chain, the symbol of class stratification, of lack of economic opportunity. . . .

BIRTHDAYS

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*Observer*]

My friend has a birthday;
And what can I say
To young Betty Blake
With her wonderful cake
And seven pink candles there? —
One candle for every year.
'How many candles shall I see
On yours?' asked Betty Blake of me.
'Sixty!' I cried, excited by it —
Steady, old heart! Lie quiet!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'Room 40'

WHAT was probably the best-kept and certainly one of the most important secrets of the World War has at last been made public by Sir Alfred Ewing, Principal of Edinburgh University, who now reveals himself as having played a part in real life worthy of any assumed on the stage by our most intrepid matinée idols. At a meeting in the Scottish capital Sir Alfred described the work of a department in the British Admiralty known as 'Room 40,' thanks to whose ingenuity the German plans for the Battle of Jutland, as well as the text of the famous Zimmermann Note to Mexico, were intercepted. Starting with a small force of helpers, Professor Ewing began in 1914 intercepting and decoding German wireless messages. When he was succeeded, in May 1917, by Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, of whom Walter Page said 'neither in fiction nor in fact can you find any such man to match him,' fifty cryptographists were employed in 'Room 40' deciphering an average of two thousand messages a day. They were particularly successful in picking up the messages of triumphant submarines and Zeppelins, which would relate detailed descriptions of their achievements, along with indiscreet references to future plans.

The English press points to the whole affair as a typically British performance. Before the war Professor Ewing was known only as a Cambridge don who had become an expert on thermodynamics and had written treatises on earthquake measurements and steam engines. To distract attention still further from his new pursuit, the Government made a point of encouraging stories that revealed the stupidity and amateurishness of the British Secret Service. In consequence the Germans never discovered how their channels of information were being tapped. But perhaps the most remarkable part of the whole affair was the extraordinary secrecy with which 'Room 40' was surrounded and the perfect discretion maintained by all its associates. When the Zimmermann Note was received, its contents were transmitted through Balfour to Page and Wilson, and finally to the American press, together with the story that the message had been intercepted by the American Secret Service. Sir Alfred's staff became so proficient at deciphering their material that the Germans' daily change of code that went into effect every midnight hardly threw the British out at all, for in two hours they would solve the new system and work along as calmly as ever. Indeed, the efficiency of this bureau makes the layman wonder how the Germans succeeded in accomplishing anything at all.

The Man from Guatemala

ENRIQUE GOMEZ CARILLO, native son of Guatemala, adopted son of the Argentine, and long a resident of Paris, died in his beloved European home on the ninth of December, and in his death the boulevards lost one of their most animated musketeers. Carillo got his start in life by praising President Estrada Cabrera of Guatemala for his complicity in the murder of a Guatemalan general when no other

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newspaper man in the country dared to approve of the deed. Asked what he would like as a reward for his loyalty, Carillo answered, 'Money enough to complete my studies in Spain, and then the post of Minister to Paris.' His modest request was granted, and a period of very casual university work in Salamanca, broken by frequent excursions to Madrid and Seville, followed. In 1892 the young man became Vice-Consul in Paris, and continued to represent his country, not only in Paris, but also in Havre, Hamburg, and Madrid, until 1906, when he was appointed Guatemalan Minister in the French capital.

His routine of life was never uneventful. When he was not attending to official business or writing for the Latin American papers in a tongue that the Spanish contemptuously referred to as 'French expressed in Spanish words,' he was loafing about the cafés, always ready for an argument on the subject of his beloved President, and always eager to recite original verses on that theme. He witnessed and participated in many duels, none of them fatal. Indeed, it was no uncommon occurrence for the duelers to kiss and make up over an excellent dinner. On one occasion he was almost expelled from France, although Consul-General at the time, for pulling his revolver on a man who had not shown sufficient enthusiasm about his praises of President Cabrera. His life was also complicated by three wives, two divorces, and several other affairs of a more typically Parisian nature.

None the less, Carillo wielded real political influence and enjoyed real prestige. He wrote frequently for the *Nacion* of Buenos Aires, the *Diario* of Guatemala, and numerous Latin American periodicals, as well as for *El Liberal* of Madrid. During the war he espoused the cause of the Allies, and served it so faithfully that he was made a commander in the French Legion of Honor, and was later chosen to represent all of Latin America on the supreme council of the Latin Press Association. A lively, romantic spirit, he represented to Paris another aspect of the New World, quite as fresh as that of the United States, and rather more in conformity with the Gallic taste.

An Anglo-German Film Pact

BRITAIN is at last able to congratulate herself upon a commercial if not an artistic success in the motion-picture field. The Gaumont British Film Corporation and the Ufa Company of Germany have signed a reciprocal agreement to distribute each other's films in equal quantities. Ufa not only controls most of the home markets, but it is heavily backed by the German Government, which, in turn, controls one hundred and seventy of the two hundred and sixty foreign films that are allowed in Germany each year. Thus it will be seen that the British film will enjoy a very favorable position in the lucrative German market — a position, by the way, that the United States has tried to attain but has never succeeded in holding.

Nor is this all. The Ufa Company likewise controls a large distributing organization in Holland, Belgium, France, Austria, Yugoslavia, and Russia, where a German-American company had previously been doing a big business. Most of this will now fall into the hands of the British. Another interesting feature of the new transaction is that artists and directors will be constantly exchanged between England and Germany, so that each country may learn something of the other's technique and so that the popularity of the various stars can be more

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readily exploited. If the agreement works out according to schedule, the American industry can only have itself to thank for losing two such excellent markets, since German films will be favored in England just as much as English ones in Germany. But from all the accounts we have heard of the directing geniuses of our movie industry, the wonder is that they get along as well as they do.

The League's New Home

SUPPORTERS of the classical tradition in architecture are congratulating themselves on the League of Nation's choice of a Frenchman's design for its projected headquarters. In a competition open to all architects in all countries belonging to the League, the contestants were invited to submit plans providing for 'accommodation of the most modern and practical kind for all the organizations essential to the League's work,' as well as 'to symbolize in style and outline the pacific ideals of the twentieth century.'

As might have been foreseen, this large order was only partially filled. Military motifs in architectural detail are familiar enough, but doves and ploughshares are somehow less effective and up to date. Nevertheless, the designs poured in — from France, Germany, England, Italy, Sweden, and Switzerland, but not from the United States, Russia, or Mexico. Three of the most — if not the three most — artistically active countries in the world, especially in the modern field, are non-Leaguers, and therefore ineligible to compete.

The winning design, submitted by Henri Paul Nenot of Paris and Julien Flegenheimer of Geneva, presents the conventional façade of Greek columns, but on the right-hand side a rather bleak-looking wing, in the Statler Hotel tradition, protrudes. It was perhaps this feature that prevented the committee from giving the full award and the contract to this design outright. Instead, the prize money was distributed in nine equal portions of twelve thousand francs each, and the two winners have been asked to call in the assistance of three of their rivals — Broggi of Italy, Lefèvre of France, and Vago of Hungary. The most compact, symmetrical, and convenient design was the work of three Italian architects, Signor Broggi being one of them, but it was spoiled by its elaborate and rather heavy detail and by the number of irrelevant statues that were stuck all over it.

The usual cries of favoritism have already been heard. Professor Lamaresquier of the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris is accused of having applied what is known as pressure on M. Briand in order to secure a place on the selection committee. His presence, in the view of the modernists, is alone enough to account for the award not having gone to some more enterprising and original design, presumably of Swedish or German devising. On the whole, the competition seems to have been rather a frost.

The Origins of 'Lloyd's Register'

THE American cult of ancestor worship is blamed for an exposé of the true beginnings of *Lloyd's Shipping Register*. Until recently this nautical *Bradstreet's* bore on its flyleaf the legend, 'Established 1834,' but the popularity that antiquity has acquired in the United States has now gripped England too, and *Lloyd's* has recently been going about bragging that it really began in 1760.

Investigation revealed that the boast was only too true. In 1760 a group of underwriters who frequented

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Edward Lloyd's coffeehouse established a publication known as the *Underwriter's Registry*, which soon began favoring the Thames shipbuilders so flagrantly that a rival group of shipowners launched a registry of their own in 1799. Until 1834 both these registries appeared annually, but the competition proved so strenuous and costly that they finally merged into *Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping*, attempting to combine the best features of each, in accordance with a tradition later pursued with even greater success, though for different reasons, by Mr. Munsey.

Actually the personnel of the 1834 *Lloyd's* remained much the same as that of the old *Underwriter's Registry*, although by stressing 'entirely new management' it succeeded in escaping from the cloud that surrounded the earlier publication. Concrete proof of this history is provided by the fact that the daughter of an employee who joined the corrupt old *Lloyd's* in 1815 is still receiving a pension from the present management.

Mammoths' Teeth in Africa

THE first mammoth teeth to be unearthed south of the equator have been discovered by a diamond digger near the present bank of the Vaal River at Bloemhof in South Africa. When two of the teeth were taken to Witwatersrand University to determine their authenticity, Professor Dart, who is credited with the discovery of the Taungs skull, declared them to be the genuine article. A third tooth dug up at the same time was thrown away before its value was realized. One molar measured a foot square and weighed fifteen pounds.

From an anthropological point of view the Vaal Valley is considered one of the most important regions in South Africa. It is here that scientists expect to find the complete remains of the Taungs man-ape or his descendants and thus supply a valuable link in the so-called evolutionary chain. The ancient watershed contains at least three different gravel terraces, each of which represents a former river-bed. The oldest gravel terrace is found from two to three hundred feet above the level of the present stream and from one to five miles away from it. Along the second terrace diamonds and fossils have been found in comparative abundance. The latter include the remains of a pre-mammoth form of elephant, as the mastodon is sometimes called. In this same gravel terrace human implements have also been found, and it would appear that primitive man was living in this country even before the Pleistocene epoch.

Ireland, Shaw, and America

SOME time ago Mr. Bernard Shaw startled all good Irishmen — and a few of the rough ones too — by urging the United States not to give any money to impoverished Irish children. It now appears that the complete article was written some years ago, and that only part of it was relayed to us in the news dispatches. The burden of Mr. Shaw's contention was a 'justice, not mercy' plea.

In England this material was taken up by the *Daily Express* and headlined, 'G. B. S. Attacks the Irish,' but the *Daily Herald*, always a friend of Shaw's, unless he supports Mussolini, gives his reply to the insinuations in the *Express*. 'It is not invariably true,' he says, 'that a good sermon improves with keeping.' Since we have his own assurance that the sermon is good, perhaps we may assume that his present utterance is even better, for, having disposed of the Irish on the first occa-

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sion, he hits out at the English this time: —

'I hasten to make amends by pointing out that England has just surpassed anything that Irish mendicity ever achieved. She has begged her National Shakespeare Theatre from America. Any other country would have died of shame. England exults in having imposed on Uncle Sam with her tale of poverty. Stratford-on-Avon is henceforth extraterritorial — an enclave of the District of Columbia. Thank Heaven, Ireland's National Theatre, though but a little thing, is her own.'

The only thing left for Mr. Shaw to do now is to tell the United States where to get off. Then he will have completed the circle and have had a grand time all the way around.

Hauptmann's 'Hamlet'

FLUSHED with the success of his epic poem, *Till Eulenspiegel*, Gerhart Hauptmann has now taken to improving Shakespeare. Believing that the existing version of *Hamlet* is full of the errors of copyists and the whims of Elizabethan actors and managers, he has endeavored to render in German his own conception of the original play. Although the idea has certain merits, it is a rather difficult one to carry out, and the result, to judge from German eyewitnesses, as well as from indignant British criticisms, is even worse than might have been expected.

Hauptmann has discovered that Hamlet and not Laertes led the revolt against the King, and accordingly many of the speeches of Ophelia's brother are put into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark. In order to make this change plausible, new scenes and characters also appear. We meet, among others, the 'King of Norway,' as well as a courtier who 'identifies himself as the English Ambassador by the riband of the Order of the Garter on his knee.' Of the three thousand lines in the new *Hamlet*, Shakespeare provides some twenty-five hundred and Hauptmann nearly five hundred.

Not only did Hauptmann write the play, but he directed it as well. His chief novelty here consisted in having Hamlet wear a cloak of flaming red throughout a portion of the drama. Ophelia is accompanied by two nuns during the mad scene, and later these two guardians are chided for letting the girl get off alone and make an end of herself. The close of the first performance in Dresden was greeted by respectful applause as a tribute to the grand old man of German literature. Between the acts, however, certain members of the audience expressed different feelings in a different way. One critic remarked: 'Beneath Shakespeare's verses you hear the rustle of eternal things, but only paper rustles under Hauptmann's lines, which are worse than anything he has ever written before — empty, formless, weak, and devoid of soul.'

A Whale Story

OUR ignorance of the inhabitants of the mighty deep was clearly revealed a short time ago when a school of one hundred and twenty false killer whales, which the all-knowing scientists had pronounced virtually extinct, piled up on the rocks of Durnoch Firth in Sutherlandshire, Scotland. At first the natives were indignant at this uncalled-for visitation, and wondered how they could get rid of all those tons of presently decaying flesh. Luckily the British Museum solved the problem. It was discovered that this particular brand of whale was in great demand, for not one specimen of the false killer had been so much as recognized in

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eighty years, and any number of museums were delighted at the prospect of securing specimens.

Hunger, it appears, was the cause of the whales' undoing, for they were pursuing a school of cuttlefish with such fury that they not only dashed themselves upon the rocks, but in some cases rushed six miles up a river, meeting their end in fresh-water salmon pools. The false killer whale is a relative of the grampus, or genuine killer, and goes under the Latin name of *Pseudorca crassidens*. That the grampus is even more voracious than the recently found specimens is attested to by the fact that a mixed grill of twenty-six seals and porpoises has been excavated from the stomach of a single grampus, who was suffocated in the vain attempt to swallow yet another seal.

Dr. W. T. Calman, of the Natural History Museum of South Kensington, informed the press that the false killer whale has been seen off the coasts of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, as well as in various parts of the Southern Hemisphere, but that there are not more than thirty specimens of it in all the museums in the world. Needless to say, the Scotch are not going to let any parts of the present windfall go to waste. The blubber, flesh, and entrails are proceeding to Leith, where they will be used in the production of various objects, from chocolates to dog biscuits. London will get the bones.

India's Poetess-President

How subtly the poison — or wisdom — of the East eats its way into native or foreigner, man or woman, is admirably illustrated by a recent feature article in the *Japan Times* by one Alfred E. Pieres, on the subject of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, President-Elect of the Indian National Congress and the foremost living poetess of her country. Mr. Pieres begins harmlessly enough with a tribute to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, going on to explain that in the East poetry has always been associated with women. Mrs. Naidu, however, is peculiar in having expressed herself in English, her idea being to interest the world at large in the true soul and true condition of her country.

As Mr. Pieres says, 'Mrs. Naidu's poetry, like that of all the truly inspired, is absolutely spontaneous, and flows forth with majestic serenity and rare exquisitiveness.' Apostrophizing the pearl, she says: —

> Shall not some ultimate
> And unknown hour deliver thee, and attest
> Life's urgent and inviolable claim
> To bind and consecrate
> Thy glory on some pure and bridal breast,
> Or set thee to enhance with flawless flame
> A newborn nation's coronal of fame?

Again we cannot improve on Mr. Pieres's criticism — 'To read this is to enjoy a lyric festival, for here is exquisite workmanship, with all the intricacy of the master artist, swift and eager, and flowing like a limpid stream gurgling between greenery sun-smitten with gold.'

So distinguished a critic as Arthur Symons has joined Mr. Pieres in the spirit if not the substance of his praise, having once said of Mrs. Naidu that she 'had the desire for beauty,' and that, 'if the desire for beauty made Leonardo a painter, it made Sarojini a poetess.' That remark can be taken two ways.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Leaves from My Life, by Sir Herbert Barker. London: Hutchinson and Company, 1927. 21*s.*

[*New Statesman*]

SIR HERBERT BARKER has written an amusingly naïve but very charming and interesting book. For many years he and his unorthodox achievements have been the almost constant subject of public controversy, and his own story of it all is something which no one who is interested in the underlying problem, or concerned about the changes which must inevitably come about in the general training and government of the medical profession, can afford to miss.

It is the strangest possible story. Barker was trained by a 'bonesetter,' and owing to some extraordinary natural aptitude he acquired a degree of manual skill hitherto unknown — or at least unrecognized and unrecorded. The more successful he was, the more sternly he was persecuted by the official martinets of the General Medical Council. At the very time when he was being most vehemently denounced by the official medical authorities, leading members of the profession were sending their own patients and even their relations to see him. During the war he offered his services free of charge for the treatment of all joint and bone troubles suffered by officers or rankers serving in France. His offer, however, was rejected — with frank regret — by the Secretary of State, on account of the opposition of the medical disciplinarians of the R. A. M. C. Thus probably thousands of men had to endure curable disablement as a sacrifice to the prestige and prejudices and perquisites of the military branch of the medical profession. Barker's skill, however, was such — his premature retirement obliges us regretfully to use the past tense — that no persecution could shake his position. Obstinate joint troubles which had defied ordinary surgical treatment for many years Barker could often put right in as many days, and sometimes in as many minutes. Dr. Axham, for the crime of helping him by administering anæsthetics, was struck off the Medical Register for 'infamous conduct' — and the King, on the advice of the Prime Minister, conferred a knighthood upon the chief criminal! The Prime Minister was Mr. Lloyd George, but any other living prime minister would certainly in the circumstances have given the same advice, and the announcement of the honor was received with a quite unusual degree of public approbation. A still more convincing proof, however, of Sir Herbert Barker's standing and deserts was the fact that by that time no honest surgeon faced with a joint or spinal trouble which he was unable to cure could fail to recommend his patient to seek Barker's advice. Never, we suppose, in the whole history of close professional corporations has any man triumphed against the whole weight of professional authority and prejudice as Sir Herbert Barker triumphed. His weapons were irresistible; he had fingers that could cure.

It may, of course, be urged on the other side that Barker was the great exception that proved and justified every rule in the ancient and hallowed code of the General Medical Council. And for that contention there is much to be said; for certainly 'bonesetters' in general ought not to receive recognition merely because of the personal and extraordinary abilities of one man. But those who so contend would have placed themselves in a far stronger position if they had frankly recognized the case of Barker as exceptional and behaved accordingly. The manner in which the General Medical Council dealt with the case of Dr. Axham — obstructing even when he was dying the professional reinstatement he so passionately desired — was wholly stupid and inexcusable. Its attitude was a mixture of obscurantist jealousy and boorish incivility. To Sir Herbert's personal letter on

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the subject Sir Donald MacAlister, the President of the G. M. C., did not even condescend to reply! Sir Herbert enjoyed the respect and the publicly expressed sympathy not only of the press and the public but of most of the leading surgeons in the country. But the governing official body of the profession has always treated him with a foolishly studied contempt. Since, however, it has probably thereby signed its own death warrant and ensured in the near future its reconstruction on broader lines, — which will take into account public as well as professional interests, — we need not perhaps regret this strange episode.

Robert Louis Stevenson, by G. K. Chesterton. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1927. 6*s*.

[*Sunday Times*]

THE ingenuity of Mr. Chesterton was never better displayed than it is in the little volume he has now devoted to Stevenson. His publishers announce it as an 'intimate biography,' but this is exactly what it is not. It makes no attempt to compete with Mr. Lytton Strachey or with M. Maurois, but is an essay in pure literary criticism, or, perhaps we ought to say, in direct investigation of literary character. The case of Stevenson is peculiar, because after having been the object of unreflecting laudation his writings have come to suffer from equally unthinking detraction. Mr. Chesterton deals very faithfully with the detractors, who are made to cut a sorry figure in his amusing pages. Probably the decline in popular favor has never been quite so great as Mr. Chesterton believes; the works of 'R. L. S.' are said to be as widely distributed as ever. But it is true that among the reviewers of the youngest generation there is manifest a tendency to gird at the author of *Weir of Hermiston*. Two causes may have tended to bring about this 'highbrow' reaction. The indiscriminate praise of all his writings, good, bad, and indifferent, and the still more sentimental flattery of his character, have had much to do with the change, if radical change there be. We entirely agree with Mr. Chesterton in his objection to the 'Stevensoniana,' with which a surprising number of needless and rather silly books have been filled.

But another cause of the 'detraction' that Mr. Chesterton deplores is the change of mood in which the latest generation approaches life and its problems. Stevenson was the apostle of light and lucid happiness, things which were almost repulsive to the young writers, who have taken advantage of the surprising license which invaded English literature after the war: —

> While the more Bohemian artists of the later time continued to claim all the liberties and more than the laxities of [Stevenson's] theory, they left off pretending that it led to felicity in practice. . . . They insisted that their books must be repulsive or sordid in order to be true. They insisted on a free hand in describing sex; and seemed to assume, in their own apologia, that to describe sex is to describe sin — and sorrow. They insisted that anything pretty must be a pretense; and never saw how sharply they were reflecting on the end of that very dance of pretty nymphs and cupids, which had brought them the license that they liked best.

The insecurity of pleasures, with the tendency of adventures to turn out wrong and to plunge the adventurer into squalor, had been repellent to Stevenson, with whom the adventure always turns out well, or, at least, is seemly and romantic to the end. But, as Mr. Chesterton acutely perceives, in our characteristic contemporary literature there is an almost complete absence of joy. As long as this pessimism remains in the fashion it is inevitable that there should be a resistance to Stevenson's mild and sunshiny optimism.

Mr. Chesterton's essay, however, is not mainly occupied with the detractors, although he returns again and again to his witty battle with them. He is more amply engaged in defining the character of Stevenson's genius than in defending it. His thesis starts from an exposition of what the style of Stevenson really presents to us as our first impression — namely, that all his images stand out in very sharp outline. His sentences are abrupt and angular; they look as though they were 'cut out with cutlasses,' and held up in silhouette against a bright sky. The ridiculous suggestion of

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some juvenile critic that Stevenson was nothing better than an inferior Edgar Allan Poe gives Mr. Chesterton opportunity for a spirited contrast between those utterly unrelated figures. We cannot resist quoting Mr. Chesterton's admirable description of the characteristics of Poe — a little heightened, perhaps, in the justified determination to emphasize the complete unlikeness: —

> The atmosphere of Poe is a sort of rich rottenness of decomposition, with something thick and narcotic in the very air. It is idle to describe what so darkly and magnificently describes itself. But perhaps the best way of describing that artistic talent is to say that Stevenson's is exactly the opposite.

That is admirably put, and through the remainder of his excellent essay Mr. Chesterton insists, with his accustomed wit and fancy, on the qualities which make Stevenson the absolute antithesis to Edgar Poe. He dwells, with an amusing gravity, on the tendencies revealed by the famous essay on Skelt, whether penny plain or twopence colored. But there is no touch of exaggeration in his analysis. He admits that Robert Louis Stevenson was a child, often a lost child, who, having lost his way, was always trying to get home. He claims no superhuman virtue for this sick child, who passed his life striving to get well, but he insists on the beauty, the originality, and the sincerity of the work he left behind him.

Oberland, by Dorothy Richardson. London: Duckworth and Company, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

We were going to speak of *Oberland*, the ninth book in the Miriam series, as an interlude. Miss Richardson's heroine is here having a holiday in Switzerland, ten days or a fortnight snatched out of that strenuous existence of which so far eight volumes already record the emotional ferments. It might well be as a respite from these that she would find the fresh experience of the surroundings and company and sports of the hotel in the Alps.

But for Miriam there are no interludes in this sense. As the recipient of impressions she is unceasing, and the impressions are all alike bitten deep. Hers is a passion for experiencing. Not life, but living, is the thing. Not for what it may lead to, but for what it actually brings, is the moment to be seized. Partly this intensity is conscious, but still more it is instinctive. Switzerland is for her a new scene, she tells herself, and she must not miss a color, a sound, a visitant in it, or a single possible reaction to them all, which it may hold for her — but do we not remember that it was even so with Miriam within the familiar range of St. Pancras bells?

There, we recall, as now in the Swiss general stores, the most trifling incident of the daily routine, like the purchase of a piece of soap, will fire some intensity of present feeling, blent with memories it evokes.

'She glanced back at the biscuits. Petit-Beurre were after all foreign, and brought with them always the sight of Dinant and its rock coming into view, ending the squabble about the pronunciation of *grenouille*, as the Meuse steamer rounded the last bend. But catching sight above the biscuits of a box of English night lights, she chose a piece of soap at random, and fought, while she responded to the voluble chantings accompanying the packing of her parcel, with the nightmare vision of bedrooms *never* bathed in darkness, of people *never* getting away into the night, people insisting, even in rooms where brilliance can be switched on at will, at the perpetual presence of the teasing little glimmer; people who travel in groups and bring with them so much of their home surroundings that they destroy daily, piecemeal, the sense of being abroad.'

Out of her pages of such impressions on Miriam's sleepless sensitiveness Miss Richardson brings Switzerland before our eyes — its spaces and tops, lit with fresh beauties in every changing moment, the skiing and skating, the native circumstance, and the alien figures, like Mrs. Harcourt and Vereker, Eaden and Daphne, all alive with the vividness of her own personal apprehension of them. All trivial, some may say, since nothing, or seemingly nothing, comes of them, and leading nowhere in a story sense, even after nine

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volumes of them; but for others extraordinarily fascinating isolated with passionate perception thus. And got down, too, with a remarkable method of expression, perfected to follow with close suppleness every ridge and groove of the observed recording mind.

Cézanne: A Study of His Development, by Roger Fry. London: The Hogarth Press, 1927. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Mr. Roger Fry, having recently placed all lovers of the Old Masters under a debt of gratitude to him for printing his lecture on the Flemish Exhibition at Burlington House, has now done an equal service for students of modern art by expanding a paper on Cézanne which he contributed a year ago to a number of *L'Amour de l'Art.* Cézanne, unknown even to art critics, so far as this country is concerned, until the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, then made a bone of furious contention by opposing pundits for some twenty years, has at last become enthroned above the strife with all an idol's prerogatives, including that of being aped by such as wish to proclaim that they are marching in the modern movement. For those who snobbishly echo his formulas no less than for those who are puzzled at the claims made for him in certain quarters, this short essay, with its characteristically cool and persuasive logic based on passionate convictions, should prove salutary reading.

Mr. Fry may feel, as he says in his concluding paragraph, that he has only analyzed certain typical works of Cézanne, and that analysis cannot explain the ultimate grounds of his faith, but that is only what everyone feels who tries to interpret a work of art in terms of something else. As an introduction to Cézanne's paintings themselves, we can imagine nothing more stimulating than these less than a hundred pages with their fifty illustrations, — virtually all drawn from M. Pellerin's famous collection, — in which we are brought into the closest contact with the artist's mind at its various stages of development, and are incidentally offered tantalizing byways of thought as Mr. Fry discusses with provocative brevity, among other topics, the influence of water color on the painter's style, the importance of his early failures, and the analogy between Cézanne and that other romantic builder of classic conventions on a ground base of actual life — Gustave Flaubert.

The Midnight Folk, by John Masefield. London: William Heinemann, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

One of Mr. Masefield's early books was a tale of adventure with a 'boy's book' plot and an enthralling literary treatment. His new novel, *The Midnight Folk,* can but be classified as a fairy story. True, there are no fairies in it; but there is a little boy for hero, there are witches, a good deal of excellent magic, a hidden treasure, and a profusion of talking animals and toys come to life. For some distance into these pages one wonders what the author is at; whether this is a tale of an imaginative child's life, with the child's daydreaming woven into the texture of a 'serious' novel. Then one finds that the whole book is a fairy tale; but one such as none but Mr. Masefield would have dreamed of writing, or could have written. The vigorous invention, the descriptive gusto, the dramatic quality, the immanent humor of it all, will give the keenest pleasure to a cultivated adult taste; it would puzzle most children.

The character drawing of the animals, from Nibbins, the cat, to the old and disgusting cellar-rat, — a typical Masefield creation, — is admirably done. Masefield names occur; the little boy is one of the well-known Harker family, and a malevolent wizard brings new discredit on the name of Abner Brown. It may be added that anyone who has, in infancy, greatly disliked his governess will derive a special gratification from *The Midnight Folk.*

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Ugly Duchess, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press, 1928. $2.50.

It would be hard to improve on the *Observer's* review of this book which we printed in Books Abroad in our January 1 issue, but for the benefit of American readers who may be interested in an American view of Feuchtwanger's latest historical romance we feel it may be worth while to take up the subject again. It is inevitable that *The Ugly Duchess* should be compared to *Power*, and that it should emerge from that comparison at a definite disadvantage. The more recent book not only tries to tell the story of the hideous Margarete Maultasch under whose rule the Tyrol passed into Hapsburg hands, but it also endeavors to depict European society changing from feudalism to commercialism. Given Dr. Feuchtwanger's elaborate but effective methods, two such motifs cannot be satisfactorily developed in a book that is surely not much more than half as long as *Power*, which dealt with but a single theme — the Jew. But this comparison, though natural, is hardly fair. *The Ugly Duchess* is an excellent book in its own right, admirably translated, and it succeeds far better than most modern novels do in accomplishing its purpose. As long as the Rosamond Lehmanns, Christopher Morleys, and Margaret Kennedys of our time attract the serious attention of otherwise serious people Dr. Feuchtwanger will retain his seat on cloud-capped Olympus.

Aubrey Beardsley, by Haldane Macfall. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1928. $6.00.

To say that the chief merit of this book lies in its illustrations and beautiful format is not to detract from the work of its author. We have here the first complete biography of that amazing young artist who, in a life as brief as that of Keats, fell from his suddenly attained heights of popularity to the depths of obscurity, leaving behind him an abundance of drawings whose design and pure linework remain as extraordinary as they were the day they first appeared in the *Yellow Book* or the *Savoy*. Mr. Macfall knew Beardsley, and that whole circle all of whom now seem as remote as the eighteenth century, and he gives his hero more painstaking and intimate attention than he is ever likely to receive again. As a cross between reminiscence and biography, human sympathy and art criticism, the book does its subject ample justice. And the illustrations, selected from all of Beardsley's work, are superb.

A Fairy Leapt upon My Knee, by Bea Howe. New York: The Viking Press, 1928. $2.00.

Bea Howe is the latest convert to the now popular English literary sport of making Mr. David Garnett's highly individual formula one's own. The only difficulty about this business of including a wholly fanciful element in an otherwise matter-of-fact story is that it requires something very like genius to prevent the resulting product from failing both as an allegory and as a piece of imaginative writing. Such genius Miss Howe unfortunately lacks, and in consequence her whole book displays the futility of attempting to create a 'school' out of some given author's personal whim.

The plot of this little story deals with a pair of lovers who are at first estranged and later brought together by the cutest little winged fairy you ever saw. Evelina was one of those girls who, in Miss Howe's impeccable prose, 'loved beauty.' William, on the other hand, was a scientist. He collected moths — in Oxfordshire. By the use of very short sentences and by the time-honored device of repeating her characters' names instead of using the personal pronoun, Miss Howe gives a great

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effect of exquisiteness to her style, which, however, is somewhat marred by her use, on two occasions, of the word 'as' in place of the relative pronoun. The final pages where the fairy plays so active a part awaken the reader's dormant interest, and one sets the book down feeling it is probably not so bad for those who like that kind of thing.

Essays Old and New, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran, 1927. $2.50.

THE young man whose wit and learning are brilliantly displayed in this assortment of critical essays enjoys such a reputation for cleverness that we need hardly add our voice to the chorus. His acrobatic style recalls his favorite movie hero, Felix the Cat, and his scope includes music, art, literature, and personalities. Many of these essays, which seem to have been selected more for their variety than for their coherence, have appeared elsewhere in either magazine or book form. Tibet, Edward Lear, and Chaucer all figured in *On the Margin*. His two 'Ballets in Criticism' are excellent, and 'Conxolus,' which also has a familiar ring to it, embodies such an amusing discussion of the tricks of simulated learning that we suspect the author of using some of them himself. But above all, it is Mr. Huxley's cleverness that dazzles, especially now that so many Americans have taken up trying — and failing — to do likewise.

Three Stories, translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. New York: Brentano's, 1927. $4.00.

Fortunes in the Fire, by Crébillon *fils; Arsace and Isménie*, by Montesquieu; and *A Tale of Felicity* comprise this recent addition to Brentano's Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature. Casanova rather than Bach is the type of *dix-huitième* greatness on which our attention is focused here, and some of us may also feel a contrast between the drawing-rooms of amorous France and the blue-stockings of Dr. Johnson's England. The first of these stories is labeled a moral dialogue, but many readers will perhaps feel that immoral is the more appropriate adjective. Crébillon is an expert psychologist of physical love, and with the Pompadour as his patroness it is not surprising to find him failing to describe the higher and purer phases of his subject. After a coldly scientific dialogue between Celie and the Duke in which they define and dissect emotions with surgical precision, we find the young damsel finally succumbing with astonishing precipitation to a much too thoroughly analyzed attack. More plot is allowed us in the Montesquieu story, which has an Oriental background, whereas the fashionable Abbé de Voisenon discusses marital felicity in the modern confessional manner. The volume is eminently adapted to those who seek to lead a life of leisure gracefully — a difficult and arduous task which was elevated to an art in the France of the eighteenth century.

Topsy Turvy, by Vernon Bartlett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927. $3.00.

THIS book of short stories represents an Englishman's unsuccessful attempt to do what Paul Morand did in *Ouvert la nuit, Fermé la nuit*, and *L'Europe galante*. Mr. Bartlett possesses a journalist's knowledge of the cabarets and political corridors of post-war Europe, but he lacks the literary and imaginative skill to breathe real life into his shattered creatures. Yet he obviously knows his subject, and frequently exhibits intelligent sympathy with the life he depicts, save when that life has to do with the big moguls of diplomacy, of whom he seems to know almost nothing. Not a few readers of the *Living Age* should enjoy the cosmopolitan atmosphere, but fewer, we suspect, will be convinced or enthralled by it.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

We have our differences with our kinsmen across the Atlantic, but such an American tragedy as this makes us feel how much blood is stronger than water, and reminds us also that the American sailors — and probably some at least of the crew of the S-4 among them — were comrades in arms of our own sailors not long ago. Mr. Bridgeman, when he sent a message of sympathy to Washington, expressed, we are sure, the feeling of the Royal Navy, and of the British nation besides. — *Morning Post*

* * *

Man has never been able to get rid of the obsession that the supreme test of the art of government is the best method of killing his fellows.

— *Lloyd George*

* * *

By ridiculing the religious beliefs of other people you invite ridicule of your own.

— *King of Afghanistan*

* * *

I do not believe there is a single living poet who can live by his poetry. — *Humbert Wolfe*

* * *

When in Victoria, B. C., the local librarian told me that during a two hours' visit to the island Tunney had spent an hour and three quarters in the library, most of which time he had devoted to looking up Shakespeariana. He had gone to the man who understood human nature better than any other person, and one might claim that Shakespeare helped him win in his fight against Dempsey. — *Archibald P. Fowler, Chairman of the Shakespeare Memorial Fund*

* * *

One of our French music-hall favorites is now playing in a big revue in Berlin. Before she appears on the stage the manager steps before the curtain and makes the following announcement: 'Ladies and Gentlemen: Two Europeans are now working for Franco-German reconciliation. They are Stresemann and Briand. We too have wished to add a stone to their edifice, and have therefore engaged Mlle. Rahna, the great French star, who will play, dance, and sing for you in both French and German.' Each evening thunderous applause greets this pacifistic speech.

— *Nouvelles Littéraires*

* * *

Is n't 'we' a lovelier word than 'I'?

— *A. M. Williamson*

* * *

It was not to be expected that Hollywood would keep its hands off the Gospels. In this film ['The King of Kings'] Hollywood has done much better than anyone had a right to hope. The film, in fact, is not offensive. — *J. C. Squire*

* * *

Your Anglo-Catholic likes some, or most, of the Roman rites and doctrines; but he likes still more to pick and choose. In one sense he is a typical Englishman, for he wants to be a law unto himself and to have Rome without the Pope — which does not suit the Vatican at all. In a word, he calls himself a Churchman, but he is really a Congregationalist without knowing it.

— *Outlook*

* * *

Some persons assume that this particular navy programme has the consent of President Coolidge. So far from joining in that assumption, we do not believe for a moment that Mr. Coolidge has consented to it. We go further, and express our belief that he will not consent. If he did, he would have to go back on the words which he used in his recent Message to Congress. He then wrote disparagingly of naval competition as being a European vice — a vice from which Americans were free. — *Spectator*

* * *

England totally disarmed and an easy prey to hostile forces! Can you think of anything more likely to excite cupidity and hostile intervention? We should shrink to the level of a fifth-rate Power, our colonies would be stripped from us, our commerce would decline, famine and unemployment would stalk the land.

— *Stanley Baldwin*

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THE GUIDE POST

ANDRÉ GÉRAUD, otherwise known as Pertinax, is the chief political writer for the *Écho de Paris*, and one of the most skillful journalists in Paris. His attitude toward Briand and the pact to outlaw war contrasts strongly with that of J. L. Garvin, the kindly editor of the *Observer*, who gives a Liberal English view of the same situation.

❦ ❦ ❦

The article on 'Soviet Oil in India' comes from the *Statesman*, a weekly newspaper edited for the benefit of the Anglo-Indian colony at Calcutta. The *Statesman* also appears as a daily, its weekly edition being similar to that of the *Manchester Guardian*.

❦ ❦ ❦

To judge from the Liberal *China Weekly Review*, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont has been saved by the State Department from the doubtful pleasure of a long buggy-ride with his Japanese hosts. No one can be quite sure of the real facts in Oriental current affairs, but it looks as if the patriotic bankers were still on the job.

❦ ❦ ❦

Paul Ordtolf's account of his submarine experience gives a gruesome idea of the fate of the S–4, and at the same time creates the disquieting thought that the German navy might have succeeded where ours failed.

❦ ❦ ❦

Leonard Stein, a regular feature-writer for the Liberal *Nation and Athenæum*, gives perhaps the truest analysis of the real naval and national rivalry between England and America that has yet appeared on either side of the water. It is particularly to his credit as an Englishman that he should see that the essence of the American case lies in the freedom and not in the policing of the seas.

The Right Honorable Sir Rennell Rodd is a diplomat of long standing, having served as British Ambassador to Rome. He is a scholar, a statesman, and a Roman Catholic, and has successfully cleared himself of the authorship of *The Whispering Gallery*, an indiscreet volume of alleged reminiscences that caused quite a sensation about a year ago.

❦ ❦ ❦

Two Germans, Colin Ross and Richard Katz, follow up the *Round Table's* realistic view of Britain's industrial situation with characteristically German speculations on the future of the white, black, and yellow races. The idea that population pressure and a defeatist psychology in the Western nations will prove determining factors in the history of the next hundred years seems altogether plausible.

❦ ❦ ❦

Guy Mounereau has been checking up on Italy for the benefit of the *Écho de Paris*, whose reactionary readers would naturally admire Mussolini and his high-handed methods.

❦ ❦ ❦

In Life, Letters, and the Arts of December 1 we gave a brief account of the Glozel dispute, which has now assumed almost the importance of the *Affaire Dreyfus*. The facts of the case briefly are that a farmer in Glozel has uncovered a wide variety of earthenware relics, inscribed with writing and pictures, that are said to date from the closing years of the neolithic period. Most responsible scholars outside of France refuse to accept the finds, but a large body of French savants, and a number of foreigners as well, insist that they are all genuine.

❦ ❦ ❦

J. C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury*, first made a name for himself as a poet and critic, but is now best known as the most skillful, high-class journalist in the British capital. He writes a weekly column for the *Observer*, and visited this country not so long ago.

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